

THE *Canadian* FORUM

38th Year of Issue

Toronto, Ontario, May, 1958

Fifty Cents

After The Deluge -- What?

John Meisel

► IN THE heat of electoral campaigns it is often forgotten that elections are the beginning, rather than the end, of new developments on the political stage. Elections decide who from among a large supporting cast will play the leading roles and, in a sense, who will play the good guys and who the bad. They also decide, of course, how large will be the choruses supporting respectively the heroes and the villains of the piece. Each reader's own preference must determine who, after the recent election, will play the heroes and the villains in Ottawa. But whatever roles are assigned to the parties in Parliament, one thing is almost certain: the action which will unfold before our eyes promises to be as dramatic as any witnessed since 1867. For this election may lead to a thoroughgoing revision of our party system. And even if the era ushered in by the two recent elections will not prove a revolutionary one for our parties, it is certain to be tremendously exciting.

The central facts about the 1958 election are obvious: the voters practically wiped out the CCF and Social Credit parties. The seriousness of the blow they struck against the Liberals cannot yet be measured—it may prove devastating. At the same time, the Conservatives, while winning a national electoral success, have yet to prove that they can again be a national party. It is one thing to win brilliantly at the polls, it is another to fashion the kind of compromises which are the foundation of our national parties. The problems faced by Mr. Diefenbaker's government are not likely to yield to easy solutions. There will be many claimants in virtually all provinces seeking rewards for now coming to the aid of the party. Every time a concession is made or a favour granted to one province, region, or group, the others must expect to receive that much less. Not all the special considerations expected from the Ottawa government are compatible with one another. It will require the highest order of skill from the Conservative leaders to turn their party into a lasting alliance of reasonably co-operative factions. If the leaders fail, the party may break up into two or more splinter groups or even potential independent parties before the recent successes are consolidated.

It would be rash to argue that such a splintering of the Conservative party is *likely* to occur. But the *possibility* nevertheless exists and is enhanced by the fact that for a time there will probably be very little real opposition to the government in Ottawa. Vigorous and dangerous outside opponents are among the most effective forces promoting the unity of any group. But the opposition parties have been routed and the other traditional check on the policies of the party in office in Ottawa—the provincial governments—may before long be Conservative in virtually all the ten

provinces. This would not mean that they would necessarily toady spinelessly to Ottawa's dictates. It would mean, however, that the centrifugal forces within the Conservative party would become more pronounced. This would make it all the more difficult to give some permanence to the recent electoral successes. All may not, therefore, be skittles and beer for the Conservative party despite its great victory on March 31.

What lies ahead of the Liberals? One can attempt to answer this question only after making some guesses about the reasons for the party's defeat. These are numerous and so complex as to defy—at least for the time being—adequate understanding. But there seems to be little doubt that the Liberal party had imperceptibly entered a period of decline. This decline was concealed by the undisputed capacity of some outstanding leaders, the ability of the party to draw on the ideas and skills of the highly competent federal civil service, the financial support of the party by individuals and corporations interested in backing a seemingly sure winner and by the widespread illusion that the party was invincible. Many reasons converged, in the period between 1953 and 1957, to persuade a large number of people that even though no alternative seemed in sight, they simply *had* to vote against the Liberals or at least to abstain from voting. Hind-sight, the secret weapon of the political analyst, now tells us that there had slowly been building up considerable hostility against the party which had been in office so long and which appeared to be increasingly more arrogant. It is also well-known that often people who are consistently successful (no matter how right and effective they may be) arouse widespread disapproval. In any case this anti-Liberal hostility failed to make itself manifest so long as no party seemed able to provide an alternative government. But when after June 10, 1957, an alternative did present itself, an unexpectedly ubiquitous, bottled up and perhaps subconscious anti-Liberal sentiment was released, carrying a larger percentage

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Current Comment

Upper Crust in Canada

The proposal of Mr. D. B. Crombie to publish a Canadian Social Register has been causing a good deal of hostile comment. Recently he made an unhappy appearance on CBC's Toronto program *Tabloid* in which he seemed to disclaim responsibility for the editorial aspects of the venture. Mr. Crombie has some experience with snob publishing, and in the early months of his proprietorship of *Mayfair* magazine made some attempt at originality and elegance. It is odd that he should be so coy and shrinking about his Social Register. The objections to it are after all hypocritical and humourless.

In 1947 an earlier attempt to publish a social register was greeted with derision by F. R. Scott in a poem largely consisting of excerpts from the invitation sent out to prospective members. At first sight Professor Scott's dislike of the project appears to have stemmed from his socialist principles. But a closer look arouses the suspicion that what he objected to was not the fact of social discrimination (for after all he was surely among the socially OK himself — a professor, the son of an archdeacon, a member of the bar) but the ground on which it was to be made. All one had to do was pay a fee of \$125 per annum. A secret committee would then decide on one's eligibility. Professor Scott's protest could have been that of a man of good breeding against the intrusion of the filthy rich.

Mr. Crombie was quick to deny that anything so coarse as money will influence his editors. Intrinsic merit, he suggested, will be the test. We are reminded of Dr. Johnson's discussion of this very question: "How shall we determine the proportion of intrinsic merit?" he asked, "Were that to be the only distinction amongst mankind we should soon quarrel about the degrees of it . . . But, Sir, as subordination is very necessary for society, and contentions for superiority very dangerous, mankind, that is to say, all civilized nations, have settled it upon a plain invariable principle. A man is born to hereditary rank; or his being appointed to certain offices gives him a certain rank." Johnson wasn't a humbug: he didn't claim that a lord was any better than a dustman. What he said in effect was that if we are going to have social distinctions — and our nature makes it inevitable that we shall — we might as well leave them to the accidents of birth or public appointment. The implication is that otherwise we shall have a continual fight for preeminence which the vulgar are most likely to win. This in fact is what has happened in every country which has embraced democracy, and particularly in North America where traditional cultures have gone into the melting pot.

North American man is uncertain what he is and how he should order his life. He does not know how to conduct even his *rites de passage* without referring to a book or newspaper column. He is at the mercy of cranks and journalists. He cannot tell how he should make love without reading a how-to-do-it book or how to bring up the children which result without reading another. Being ignorant of what he should do to bury his dead he is incapable of resisting the sales talk of hucksters who assure him that it is his duty to provide an air-conditioned vault, and to disembowel and pickle the corpse. "I have nothing but reason to guide me", said Yeats "and so am constantly in doubt about small matters." But North American man has abandoned even reason.

The craving for social distinction exists here as well as everywhere else. But it is a craving at war with the prevailing democratic ethos. Since it is repressed it becomes the occasion of hypocrisy. Mr. Crombie becomes the scapegoat. This is most unfair. Mr. Crombie is proposing a book which will answer for us a question we would like to ask: who are the people that matter? We are accustomed to using books to answer all our other questions. There is no reason why we should not use a book to answer this one. Unfortunately, however, we want to see the lines drawn on the principle of intrinsic merit; so there will be no end to our quarrelling. There's only one way out of our difficulty, and Mr. Diefenbaker with his majority can find it for us. If Canada is still a constitutional monarchy, the sovereign is still the fountain of honour. Rank and privilege should be conferred by the crown and there will be no need of Mr. Crombie's book. What is needed is a College of Heralds in Ottawa. Mr. Diefenbaker could begin by appointing a Beaver King of Arms with, say, four heralds and four pursuivants under him. There could be the Heralds Quebec, Orange, Flin Flon and Yukon; assisted by Fleur de Lis Pursuivant, Rouge Nez Pursuivant, Dernière Porte Pursuivant, Brassiere Pursuivant (in the interest of uplift). Such a college would put an end to all the squabbles and see to it that in future no Canadian scutcheon puts tincture on tincture or metal on metal. And another thing: Mr. Diefenbaker should put the bishops back in gaiters and the judges in wigs. A conservative should conserve.

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Vol. XXXVIII, No. 448

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Published each month by

CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED

36 Yonge Street, Toronto 1, Ontario, Canada

Telephone: EM. 3-0145

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto,

Advertising rates on request

Conserving the Bureaucracy

Recent resignations of some senior officials in and associated with the federal Department of Trade and Commerce have increased speculation about strained relations between the new Conservative ministry and the top public servants who served Liberal cabinets for so long. The Prime Minister has very skilfully shifted the subject of discussion to the need for pay increases to offset the lure of highly paid industrial jobs which are from time to time offered to senior civil servants.

Mr. Diefenbaker was quite right not to be drawn into a public discussion of whatever differences there may be between his government and its senior advisers. By avoiding publicity he has shown a greater sensitivity to our political institutions than many sections of the press which seem bent on embarrassing the Government even to the point of weakening the structure of the Public Service. Canada can ill afford to lose the group of outstanding administrators which has been built up during and since the war. To bring them or any of their number into open controversy only makes it more difficult for them to perform their roles in a supposedly neutral bureaucracy. If, as it has been suggested in the case of Mr. Sharp, a senior adviser disagrees with government policy he has no choice but to resign, and little harm is done in making public the nature of the disagreement, but to generalize from this event that there will be a wave of resignations is clearly irresponsible.

It is perhaps relevant that the Departments of Trade and Commerce and Defence Production, and their satellite crown corporations were as much Mr. Howe's empire as they were agencies presided over by a Liberal government. He not only created many of them, but guided their policies for many years thus establishing with his senior men strong ties of personal loyalties.

The need to adjust to a set of new and inexperienced ministers is perhaps as great a problem as adjusting to a new government. If there had been more changing around of senior civil servants among departments, there might have been greater adaptability between new ministers and officials, and less official entrenchment. Interchangeability has not been facilitated by past policies of appointing men to high positions for their specific skills rather than for their general abilities as administrators. Economists go to Finance, ex-military personnel to Defence and Veterans' Affairs, former unionists to Labour, agricultural specialists to Agriculture, medical and welfare people to Health and Welfare and so on through the list of departments. There is not in the Canadian Public Service a distinct class of general higher administrators similar to that of the British Civil Service.

What is forgotten in the present speculation is that bureaucrats have been leaving the Service at a fairly stable rate since the end of the war which was the reason for quite a few of them coming to Ottawa in the first place. MacKenzie, Pearson, Keenleyside, Chisholm, Towers, Drury, Deutsch, Mansur, Pickersgill, Turnbull are among those



who have quit during Liberal ministries for a variety of reasons, not always for higher pay. In this country there has never been built up a system by which men destined for the top positions in the Civil Service are recruited immediately after university graduation and started on a life-long career in the bureaucratic milieu through which they gradually acquire the traditions and self-image of neutral participants in the administration of the state.

As the functions of the central government have become more complex and more extensive a large number of highly qualified experts have been brought in to the higher positions from outside the Service. They were also brought in near the top to maintain some kind of regional and ethnic balance. No doubt explanations can be found for both these tendencies, but the result has been that the higher Public Service has not been manned by persons sharing a set of values about the bureaucratic career. Ideally a civil service requires able persons prepared to work in obscurity and to sacrifice financial rewards. There are, of course, the non-financial rewards of prestige within the Service itself, and the awareness that influence can be brought to bear on national and international policies. There is in other words, an element of power built into the bureaucratic role.

Regardless of what is done about pay increases for the top ranks the competition from industry will still exist. The average salary for the chief executives of our large corporations is probably somewhere between \$50,000 and \$100,000 a year. In addition to his salary the corporation chief has many other financial rewards such as the chance to buy stock at low prices, and the generous pension which usually forms a part of his contract. The loop-holes in the income tax legislation is also a benefit to the business man but not to the civil servant.

Higher salaries, overdue as they are, are not the only steps necessary to conserve the bureaucracy. There must also be greater efforts to build up the Public Service as a career system. For this reason a general exodus of senior men would be disastrous. There are a good number of them now who, after fifteen to twenty years experience, have acquired the public service outlook. The Government might be tempted to replace them from outside the Service. Mr. Bennett was able to create vacancies in the Commons this way. (Liberals of course replenished their cabinets by the reverse process.) In time the logic of events will persuade the Government that some continuity of policy and administration is inevitable. Even now the fifteen percent trade switch resembles a confused dream.

It is to be hoped that most of those at the upper levels of the Public Service have a sufficient sense of loyalty to remain since a competent bureaucracy is essential to our political system. It is to be hoped also that the new ministers will become more aware of the complementary roles of bureaucrat and politician.

JOHN PORTER

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The CCF: The Road Back?

As western Canada's implausible turnabout unfolded on election night, the CCF found itself rudely thrust two decades backward. Eight seats were exactly what it won in 1940 and only one more than it obtained on the first try in 1935. The party's share of the national vote receded to within 1% of the 1935 and 1940 figures. Social Credit which had challenged seriously for third place in the 1957 campaign fared much worse. These results contribute solid new evidence about the formidable though familiar obstacles which a minor party faces in a political system such as ours.

The main difficulty perhaps is that the party's fate depends not on the number of people who think well of it but on how many of them express their abstract approval with tangible ballots. Unless the party appears to be on the threshold of great success, the proportion who do so is likely to be small and, what is more, to diminish steadily. As the party's prospects wane, its sympathizers increasingly decide to take a hand in choosing their government rather than "waste" their ballots on a program and candidate whose defeat seems certain. This widespread aversion to "wasting" votes probably constitutes the greatest barrier to the advance of a minor party. The public's confidence rather than its approval has been what the CCF, in any case, has missed most in recent federal elections.

In these contests neither minor party has been able to offer itself to the electorate as the potential new government or even the official opposition. To overcome the voter's reluctance to cast what might appear to be a futile ballot, these parties have emphasized the desirability and importance of holding the Parliamentary balance of power. When, to everyone's surprise, these aspirations were partially realized on June 10, 1957 as the two small parties together held the balance of power in the House, each appeared to have found an eagerly sought *raison d'être* which its followers could understand. In terms of influence, publicity and party morale, the balance of power is the most attractive prospect available to a party which cannot seriously contend for power. But, as March 31 made clear, that position is also the most precarious, particularly in a country so accustomed to majority government. The near realization of their ambitions to hold the balance of power—alone, not together—seriously jeopardized the lives of both minor parties as the nation trampled roughly over them in its eagerness to ensure a Conservative majority.

The CCF has drawn some comfort from the fact that of the three defeated parties, its setback was the least severe. Despite the loss of 17 of its 25 seats, including those of its two outstanding leaders and all but one on the home ground of Saskatchewan, the CCF lost little electoral support. Its proportion of the national vote dropped by only 1%, unlike the Liberals and Social Credit both of whose support fell off drastically from 1957. Although it lost two-thirds of its seats, these losses resulted primarily from large shifts away from the Liberals and Social Credit to the Conservatives rather than because of major defections from the CCF. Most of these defeats were by narrow margins, and in very few of these ridings were the other parties ever in the running. All of this leaves the CCF with the hope that even a moderate ebbing of the Conservative tide will bring these ridings back into the fold.

These hopes depend, however, on many ifs. The one which currently seems most relevant is the CCF's staying power. The modest drop in its vote on March 31 must be balanced against the unabated recession of CCF support federally since 1943. No other party's electoral strength has declined as steadily or for as long as the CCF's. Diminishing support has

been self-perpetuating and self-reinforcing in two closely related ways. Continued CCF weakness at the polls has led the electorate in increasing numbers to write the CCF off as a serious contender thereby stripping it slowly but relentlessly of its support. The consequent setbacks have inevitably taken a heavy toll in party morale as defeat and discouragement have grown by feeding upon each other, rendering the CCF progressively less capable of making the effort required to halt and reverse its downward spiral.

Nevertheless, in the recent campaign the party's spirit seemed to have freshened for the first time in years. Several reasons accounted for this revival — the enthusiasm generated by its MP's to whom the Liberals had temporarily abandoned the opposition in the last House, the hopes of gains at the expense of the faltering Liberal party and, above all, the emergence of so succulent an issue as unemployment as the dominant one of the campaign. Here at last seemed to be the CCF's opportunity to shift out of its many years in reverse. The discrepancy between the party's hopes and the seeming magnitude of its failure, at least in the public's eyes, has increased the danger to the CCF at its most vulnerable point, its morale. Unlike the Liberals, who undoubtedly are also greatly discouraged, the CCF cannot expect to be regarded as the alternative to the government in the next four years, a condition which sets a solid floor under a party's morale. Perhaps like the other opposition parties the CCF's main source of hope and comfort during the next few years will be the belief that next time can hardly be worse.

In the meantime speculation has begun about a Liberal-CCF alliance. Such talk appears to be thoroughly premature if for no other reason than because of the absence of a crisis capable of producing sufficient heat to melt the strong resistance to such an alliance on both sides. In addition, the CCF has developed an extensive and durable structure which would render such a move, even on an unofficial basis, a matter of considerable difficulty.

The CCF has by no means arrived at the point of extinction despite a turn of circumstances which has thrust it back to the numerical position of two decades ago. Ideologically, organizationally and in spirit the party has, of course, changed very considerably since then. It has become tolerant and comfortable but in the process it accomplished much and won over to its outlook many of its opponents of the 1930's. But inevitably it lost its hope and innocence along with its youth. The chief problem which the CCF now faces is not to decide on what road to take—that is not a major source of contention in the party—but to persuade its members and followers that their pilgrimage has not been set back to near its starting point and that, in any case, the journey is still worth making.

LEO ZAKUTA.

Electoral Postmortem

It is no more possible to explain the results of March 31st than of any other election. Voting is an irrational process for most people, and the learned professors' tools of logical deduction do not apply. They may reveal the surface but not the heart of the matter. We know, for instance, that the Conservatives have won the greatest majority in Canadian history, 208 seats with 54 per cent of the popular vote, and that their success was general throughout the country. We can see that the other parties paid for the 14 per cent shift to the Tories in varying degree. The C.C.F. lost least in terms of percentage of overall vote, dropping less than one percent; Social Credit suffered most, a catastrophic cut from six to two per cent of the national total, while the Liberals were reduced from 40 to 33 per cent. An *ex post facto* Gallup poll states that in the four western provinces one in every two former Social Credit voters supported the Tories this time while only a third of the C.C.F.ers and Liberals bolted. Several authorities have given their opinion that the ethnic vote also went Conservative.

Beyond this we know almost nothing. The most important questions, those concerned with why people vote as they do, remain locked in mystery. Was it Prime Minister Diefenbaker's extraordinary personality? Was it a desire "to give him a chance"? Persisting disdain of the Liberals? A wish to jump on the bandwagon? Issues, leaders, candidates, organization? All, some, or a mixture of these? . . . Who can tell? The answers lie deep in the psyches of seven million Canadian voters, and since likely even they could not pick out the reasons for their behaviour, it is doubtful that the psephologists will get far in trying to analyze logically an illogical action.

Politics is an art, in which intuition is of more service than reason. This is true for the practitioner, as Mr. Diefenbaker's triumph over Mr. Pearson so clearly shows, and it is true for the student. Locke's theories were infinitely more realistic than Hobbes though far less logical, De Tocqueville's opinions more perceptive than Hegel's though one was only a casual observer and the other a master dialectician. Such terrible twentieth century events as Naziism, Bolshevism, and public relations should have driven the same lesson home by now: Bentham, Mill, and the other nineteenth century rationalists were wrong—men are not moved by reason but by preconceptions, emotion, propaganda, and humbug. Mass democracies differ from mass dictatorships in this respect only in degree. We have fewer thugs and more confidence men. Fortunately, in democracies the blasts come from several sides at once and there is some hope of keeping upright among the countervailing pressures, or at least there is in a well-balanced party system.

The most alarming feature of the overwhelming Conservative victory is that balance is now so difficult to attain. Where is opposition to come from? Hardly from inside parliament. The official Opposition has been reduced to a corporal's guard and stripped of some of its ablest members. Hardly from the press, which is almost universally conservative by nature if not Conservative by conviction. Certainly not from the C.B.C., which is already charged with being pro-Liberal. Nor from those who believe that "we should not indulge in the criticism of personalities", although the prime minister's personality is his chief political weapon.

Undoubtedly, in time, it will come from the provinces which are developing into the real Opposition to any federal government, and from the aggrieved interest groups which find that Mr. Diefenbaker (or no one else) can deliver all the goodies he has promised every one. But in the interval

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ALWAYS CHOOSE

we are probably in for a long period of Conservative suzerainty, as formidable in ponderosity as the late Liberal dynasty.

This is especially true because Diefenbaker Conservatism is not the old Tory line. Those of the prime minister's opponents who thought so have learned differently to their dismay. Mr. Diefenbaker has converted what was essentially an anachronistic party with a limited appeal to those on the right into a broad middle-of-the-road, middle class identification symbol which attracts Canadians instinctively. While Mackenzie King did the same thing for liberalism with remarkable success, Mr. Diefenbaker's real triumph is that he has now stolen the ground from under the Liberals and left them almost nowhere to stand. Tapping the sentiment on which King rode to power, Mr. Diefenbaker will likely stay there for the same reasons: moderate welfare policies, a skilful blend of collectivism and free enterprise, promises to all parts of the country, a whiff of nationalism, pious platitudes, and above all respectability and order. This is as Canadian as apple sauce and as popular as the soft ice cream Mr. Diefenbaker enjoys so much. Provided he does not take to un-Canadian activities like wearing bow ties (Mr. Pearson's fatal error) or becoming *too* religious (that disturbs security-minded Canadians), the prime minister should remain in power a long while.

P. W. F.

Cabinet Notes

It's a shame that Diefenbaker
Rhymes with the good name of Quaker.
I had rather soda-cracker
Were the rhyme for Diefenbaker.

A curious sight — George Hees let loose
To wave a book about the House.
Obscene, he cries. How can he tell?
Can Georgie read? Can Georgie spell?

Academic worthies moan,
Students at Toronto groan,
'Should Sidney Smith be with us yet
He would not be where he done get'.

Fleming, and all the little Flemings
Should drop the F like other lem(m)ings.

Anne Wilkinson

Canadian Calendar

- In the middle of March automobile production in Canada climbed 17 per cent in a week. In 1958 to date 79,283 vehicles have been assembled, 16 per cent fewer than the 93,856 turned out by mid-March of 1957.

- Canadian unemployment hit a post-war peak of 555,000 in mid-February.

- Canadian newsprint producers shipped 435,160 tons of newsprint during February, the lowest monthly total since February 1953, when 408,610 tons were shipped.

- National Newspaper Awards in Canadian journalism: James G. Reidford, Toronto *Globe & Mail*, for cartooning; William Kinmond, Toronto *Globe & Mail*, for feature writing; Bruce Hutchison, Victoria *Times*, for editorial writing; Ted Byfield, Winnipeg *Free Press*, for spot news reporting; Jean Marc Leger, Montreal *Le Devoir*, for staff correspondence; Jerry Ormond, Calgary *Herald*, for spot news photography; Villy Svarre, Vancouver *Province*, for feature

photography; Bob Hesketh, Toronto *Telegram*, for sports writing.

- March dividend payments by Canadian companies show a rise of one-sixth of one per cent over the same month in 1957, but the first-quarter total is almost 3 per cent below the same period in 1957.

- George Burt, Canadian director of the United Auto Workers, said on March 21 that Canadian auto companies were prevented by the U.S. State Department from filling an order for 1000 cars for China.

- According to officials connected with cultural activities in Toronto like the Art Gallery, the Royal Ontario Museum, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the libraries and the opera association, immigrants, particularly those from Europe, heavily outnumber native-born Canadians at local cultural activities.

- According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics Canadian farmers intend to reduce their wheat acreage this year to 20,646,200, down about 400,000 acres from last year.

- Trustees of the Joseph E. Atkinson estate received on March 25 court approval to sell the Toronto Daily Star and the Star Weekly to a firm they themselves incorporated — the Hawthorn Publishing Co. Ltd. The price offered was \$25,555,021, believed to be the largest newspaper transaction ever reported. The sale will net the Atkinson Charitable Foundation, which formerly owned the papers, about \$15,600,000 after taxes.

- For the first two months of 1958 it is estimated that sales volume of Canadian department stores reached a new peak of \$163,953,000, an increase of \$8,802,000 or 5.7 per cent over sales of \$155,151,000 for the corresponding period of 1957.

- New oil import restrictions announced by President Eisenhower on March 27 will compel American firms that bring Canadian oil into the U.S. east of the Rockies to cut their operation by 6,100 barrels a day on April 1 and by a further 3,800 barrels a day before Sept. 1.

- Referring to the action of U.S. Ford executives in preventing the sale of 1000 cars to China by Ford of Canada because a U.S. law penalizes officers of U.S. concerns whose subsidiaries engage in such transactions, Prime Minister Diefenbaker said on March 28 that the interests of Canadians would be protected in cases involving exports to China by Canadian subsidiaries of U.S. companies.

- Building contract awards in Canada are continuing to run significantly higher this year than in 1957. For the first quarter this year they are up 14 per cent over the 1957 period. The biggest first-quarter increase has been in house-building, up 134 per cent, engineering is up 22 per cent, business building 8 per cent.

- Savings on deposit in Canada's chartered banks at Feb. 28 amounted to \$6,261,000,000 against \$6,182,000,000 at Jan. 31 and \$6,090,000,000 at Feb. 8, 1957.

- The Canadian national election on March 31 resulted as follows: Progressive Conservatives 209, Liberals 47, CCF 8, Social Credit 0. The Conservatives have the largest majority in Canadian history. Quebec returned 50 Progressive-Conservatives out of a total of 75 seats. CCF leader Coldwell and his first lieutenant Knowles went down to defeat, as did Socred leader Low. In Newfoundland the Liberals managed to hold on to the 5 seats they held at dissolution. The PC's took all the seats in Manitoba and Alberta, all but one seat in Saskatchewan, 18 of the 22 in British Columbia, all in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, and 7 of the 10 in New Brunswick. In Ontario 13 seats out of 81 went to the Liberals.

- The Canadian Pacific Railway announced on April 1 that it will start eliminating firemen from freight and yard service diesels May 11.
- The Alberta Oil and Gas Conservation Board reports average daily production of crude oil in the province totalled 308,334 barrels in the week ending March 24. This was 54,404 barrels a day less than the previous week and 107,896 barrels a day less than in the corresponding week last year.
- The regular monthly financial statement of Finance Minister Fleming issued on April 3 showed a deficit for February of \$70,400,000 compared to a surplus for February 1957 of \$7,800,000. The surplus for the first eleven months of the fiscal year ending March 31 was \$251,400,000 compared to a surplus of \$544,100,000 for the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year.
- The Dominion Bureau of Statistics reported on April 3 that an unusual rise in food costs shot the consumer price index to a record high of 124.3 points between February and March.
- It was announced on April 3 that the National Historic Sites and Monuments Board of the Dominion Government will join the city of Orillia in the erection of a monument to the late Stephen Leacock and will assist the town in the restoration of the Leacock home on Brewery Bay, Lake Couchiching as a literary shrine in his honour.
- Canada's domestic exports declined 6 per cent in February to \$319,600,000 from \$340,100,000 a year earlier.
- The Canada Council announced on April 3 the award of 145 fellowships and scholarships worth a total of about \$344,000 for work in the arts, humanities and social sciences.
- Ripple Rock in Seymour Narrows near Campbell River, B.C., the worst underwater shipping hazard on the West Coast, was wiped off the navigation charts on April 5 by the explosion of a charge of 1,375 tons of nitramex 2H, man's biggest non-atomic blast. The operation cost \$3,100,000 and took 2½ years to complete. Shipwrecks on the rock have taken 114 lives since 1875.
- Shipments of new passenger cars from Canadian factories jumped 38.5 per cent in February to 27,276 from 19,685 in the same month last year.
- The 300,000-word report of the Gordon Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects was made public on April 8 after 2½ years' labor. It predicts a population of 27,000,000 for Canada by 1980, 80 per cent of whom will be living in urban areas.
- The Soviet Prime Minister Khrushchev has addressed a letter to Prime Minister Diefenbaker (made public on April 8) asking him to try to persuade the United States and Britain to put an end to H-bomb tests.
- Life expectancy for Canadians has risen to 72.1 years from 71.5 in the last four years, according to a statistical report presented on April 8 to the Canadian Association of Actuaries.
- The national average salary paid teachers in both universities and colleges jumped by 14.3 per cent last year. In Ontario the rise was 16 per cent, giving an average salary of \$6,893. Teachers in the biological sciences, including medicine received the highest salaries, the average being up 15.1 per cent; teachers in the humanities were the lowest paid, being up only 11.3 per cent.
- Immigration to Canada in the first three months of 1958 was less than a third of arrivals in the corresponding period last year (down from 62,460 to 20,000), partly on account of restrictions imposed by the Government last July on account of rising unemployment. Also the 1957 figure was inflated by a heavy flow of Hungarian refugees.

The Economic Consequences of Mr. Coyne

Stefan Stykolt and Harry C. Eastman

► THE SERIOUS and conscientious citizen is bemused by the spate of controversy surrounding the recent actions of the Bank of Canada. He wants particularly to understand Bank policies now that the publication of the Annual Report of the Governor of the Bank of Canada for 1957 has brought the Governor into sharp conflict with the Minister of Finance and with his colleagues in the Cabinet. The inner-dopesters have already made their contribution to confusion by telling the public what Mr. Coyne should have done in the past. A more fruitful way of clarifying the issues in the debate over the Governor's management of monetary affairs is to find out what he thinks he has been doing. Let us look at the three reports that have issued from Mr. Coyne's pen. They are intensely personal and therefore revealing documents.

The preamble to the Bank of Canada Act is reprinted in the last two Annual Reports. It states that one of the chief tasks of monetary policy is "to mitigate by its influence fluctuations in the general level of production, trade, prices and employment." Mr. Coyne's views on the nature of the business cycle and on the way in which monetary policy can dampen it are therefore the most important ones to examine. His explanation of business cycles is contained in an *ad hoc* theory of what causes inflations (wars, threats of wars, and surges of economic growth). He further believes that inflation causes recessions. His view of how monetary policy works is unorthodox. According to accepted canons, when prices tend to rise, the goal of the monetary authority is to make money sufficiently scarce and expensive to prevent the movement. Conversely, in a period of recession, the goal is to remove any monetary impediment to a full level of economic activity by making money plentiful and cheap. That such a policy is difficult to follow because of the problem of recognizing the right time to change monetary conditions is not an objection raised against it by Mr. Coyne. He has modified the orthodox doctrine by introducing an imaginary upper limit to fluctuations in the price of money, that is in the rate of interest. He will not allow interest rates to cross this imaginary line because to do so would, he alleges, produce disorderly conditions in the capital market, or cause rates of interest to be indigestible, or some such. These objections are old chestnuts used to support a logically indefensible position.

The imaginary upper limit induces Mr. Coyne to think in terms of an imaginary lower limit as well. The Governor's logic is this: during periods of inflationary pressure interest rates cannot be raised sufficiently to check price increases, hence, in periods of recession rates cannot be lowered to the full extent to facilitate a revival, for such a lowering might produce inflationary conditions at a later date. Inflation cannot be checked, and if unchecked will produce a recession, according to Mr. Coyne's business-cycle theory. The implied paradox then is that we must have a recession now in order to avoid it later.

Mr. Coyne places severe limits on the extent to which interest rates can be used as a counter-cyclical device. As is always the case when price is not permitted to play its role, alternative techniques of control must be used. In the United Kingdom, where the planners of the welfare state went far in limiting the functioning of the price system, there developed simultaneously the art of "ear-stroking"

which Sir Dennis Robertson describes as "encouragements which are not quite promises, frowns which are not quite prohibitions, understandings which are not quite agreements". In Canada, Mr. Coyne's colonial version of this art is something more rough and ready.

When the problem was inflation the Governor forced the commercial banks to hold a larger amount of short-term assets than their own judgment would have led them to hold. He attempted to bully finance companies and department stores into limiting their loans to consumers, thereby showing his disregard for the priorities that would have been established in the absence of arbitrary intervention. Also, he tried to induce banks to maintain the level of their holdings of long-term assets (mortgages and bonds) by keeping these equal to savings deposits. Had he succeeded this measure would have become yet another obstacle to banks' lending where it was most profitable and hence where the funds were most needed. These last two attempts failed because banks and financial institutions resisted encroachments of arbitrary power.

The current situation provides another example of the consequences of Mr. Coyne's disbelief in the functioning of prices. The reasons for the Governor's most recent moves (failing to expand appreciably the quantity of money, keeping the long-term rate of interest high, and forcing the banks to lend to business firms, especially small firms, on short term at low rates) are clearly set out in the most recent Report. First, money cannot be made easy during recession because this would lead to an inflation followed by a renewed recession. Second, long-term interest rates must be kept high in order to stimulate domestic saving required to finance expansion and promote recovery. This extraordinary proposition reveals ignorance, nowadays seldom encountered among sophomores in courses in economics, of the difference between the rate of interest (the cost of borrowing funds) and the prospective rate of profit as seen by potential borrowers. The higher rate of interest, the less firms will borrow for new projects and the lower will be the amount of economic activity. In addition, Mr. Coyne's reasoning conflicts with the axiom accepted by every economist that the tendency to save is excessive in periods of recession. Mr. Coyne specifically makes the point that high rates of interest in Canada are necessary to attract funds from the United States. So they are, but far from promoting expansion, as he supposes, an inflow of funds from the United States reduces demand in Canada. The funds borrowed abroad by Canadian firms will eventually be spent abroad by someone. The mechanism which brings this about is the rate of exchange: the U.S. dollar will fall until Canadians import more foreign goods and services or sell less domestic produce abroad. In either event the demand for domestic output falls by an amount equal to the loan. Thus borrowing abroad favors foreign rather than Canadian employment and income.

The third reason explaining Mr. Coyne's recent actions is his belief that "changing economic and financial conditions [do] not affect the banks' willingness and ability to accommodate credit-worthy small borrowers". The fatuity of this statement becomes immediately apparent when one reflects that a change in economic and financial conditions produces a change precisely in the creditworthiness of all borrowers, including small borrowers. Thus, this reasoning ought not to be used to justify forcing banks to maintain the level of their loans to small businesses.

The reports of the Governor show him to be consistent, independent and forceful in the fulfilment of his duties. These are high virtues in a public servant who bears a great responsibility for the economic welfare of the country,

provided that he brings to the exercise of his functions a grasp of the problems with which he must deal.

White Man's Burden

A Reminiscence

Raymond Thorberg

► IN THE early afternoon of September 17, 1934, the city of Nome, Alaska, caught fire and whirled skyward in great billows of tarpaper and unpainted pine lumber smoke. The bosses of the gold mining dredge on which I worked at the time jumped into their Model T coupe and sped the several miles down the tundra road to get a closer view. And the winchman on shift—a youth like myself—stood in his winch-room window looking at the spectacle until he ran the bucket line off its lower tumbler to put the dredge out of action for six precious summer hours.

Several days passed before any of us making up the crew could get into Nome to see for ourselves the extent of the destruction. It was considerable: the entire business section, with the narrow planked streets and the picturesque, balcony-like second stories, and about half of the residential part of the city, were gone. What remained of Nome formed something very much like a horseshoe set with its heel lugs on the edge of Bering Sea, and even this horseshoe was eaten away in places, so that one could look out with unobstructed view across the tundra. However, in the blackened center-area surveyors were already at work, while the city council wrangled over proposed wider streets and minimum fire-protection distances between buildings for a new Nome. Also, there was a report, which proved to be authentic, that two relief ships were being loaded with all dispatch at Seattle.

Because of the ice hazard and the insurance company contracts, all shipping has to get out of Bering Sea by November 1st. This left a short six weeks after the fire for the merchants to make hasty preparations: to order lumber, tin sheathing, nails, for rebuilding, and a stock of goods for their shelves sufficient to last through the long winter. There was no thought of just letting things rest until spring. For Alaska, or at least its gold mining west and north, was booming. President Roosevelt had raised the price of gold until, compared to an average of \$19 an ounce in past years, the raw stuff now sold at Nome for \$27 or \$28 an ounce. Profitable diggings had proved more profitable, and many creeks which had previously acquired reputations of being merely "drainage ditches" became during the summer of 1934 places of bustling activity.

We young men arriving from the creeks at the end of the mining season to take passage for Seattle in order to whoop things up "Outside" found Nome begging us to stay to help with the rebuilding. A man who could drive nails could get \$12 a day, while anyone possessing a minimum of tools might establish himself as a full-fledged carpenter at \$18 a day. We had been working for \$6 and board on the creeks, and before coming to Alaska few had held steady jobs of any kind in the depression-ridden Outside. Finding the temptation for big money too great to pass by, we watched the last ship leave without us and then went to work at top speed to get the building shells completed before winter set in. Two months later there was only the finishing work to be done, and fewer and fewer men were needed. Toward Christmas most of us were laid off, and so we sat around in our cabins, where we drank whiskey, played poker and cribbage, thought of the girls in Seattle, watched the young Eskimo women passing along the street in their red ski-suits, and wished something would happen.

An enterprising young Tennessean who had boxed professionally until he had got his front teeth knocked out by a

very tough cowboy at the Pendleton rodeo, conceived the idea of the Nome Athletic Club. It was like looking for a substance that would burn and then inventing Napalm. In no time the NAC had forty members, a slate of officers, and part of an unburned warehouse to use as a gym, and a busy social money-making program in promoting public dances. We had wished things to happen, and now they began.

There were close to fifteen hundred people living in Nome that winter, about a third of this number being Eskimos. The Eskimos were not segregated. Job discrimination against those of only one-half or one-quarter Eskimo blood exhibited no signs of being established in policy or practice. And though the Bureau of Indian Affairs operated a very good school, Eskimo parents, if they wished, could send their children to the Nome public schools. I once refereed a basketball game between an Eskimo team and a white team and had my decision of a foul against an Eskimo player soundly booed by the predominantly white crowd of spectators. I might say here that no analogy drawn from Negro-white relations Outside could help very much to explain Eskimo-white relations in Alaska. Nevertheless, lines *were* drawn, for all their complexity and crisscrossing and faintness to the eyes of the uninitiate. It was in the NAC that we discovered that an Alaskan race problem actually existed, and that we would have to make decisions concerning it which would not only determine our own attitudes but also, as an inevitable consequence, the attitude of the townspeople toward the NAC and our membership.

At a regular meeting of the club, a young Middle-Westerner proposed the name of a friend of his for membership. We all knew the friend to be a "squaw man"—that is, a white man married to a, in his case, half-Eskimo, girl—but leaving that fact out, there was no question, he was eminently acceptable. We looked at each other and wondered what to do. Absent all at once were the usual rowdiness and the threats from the floor to send over to Fairbanks for a copy of *Roberts' Rules of Order* to show up the club officers as dictators and/or phonies. The NAC had to make a decision—and somehow we knew the answer wasn't in *Roberts'*.

Nor was it anywhere in the sum of our experience. One or two club members who had migrated from the deep South drew on their knowledge about different categories of human beings to advocate a strict policy of "keepin' 'em in their place," presumably including in this, white men married to non-white women and therefore our "squaw man." But these members did not have even the unqualified support of their compatriots from below the Mason and Dixon line. There was no opposite extreme of radicals or idealists to shout the principle of full racial equality, damn the torpedoes. And though we in the NAC considered ourselves bold, reckless adventurers, having come to Alaska and all, we were basically conservative and timid. Truculent in manner, we were nevertheless conscious of our cheechako status, envious of the older, established clubs which had long since obtained a corner on the available supply of white women, and exceedingly afraid of a misstep which might bring upon us social ostracism individually or as a group.

My own background of education to employ in dealing with the matter was perhaps representative. I had grown up in rural Minnesota, and had little more than a second- or third-hand knowledge of non-whites of any kind—whether Negroes, Indians, or Fiji Islanders. My pre-Alaska consciousness of Eskimo-white relationships had been very limited, to say the least. I had read Rex Beach's *The Barrier*, in the final pages of which, altogether ingeniously and satisfactorily, the heroine turns out to be not half-Eskimo or half-Siwash, as everyone believed, but all-white, almost eighteen, and free from any hindrance to the hero's

marrying her. Earlier, in grade school, I had read a book about an "Eskimo" boy who seems different from the other Eskimo boys—his nose always freezes. He accompanies the explorer Peary northward to the edge of the Arctic ice-drift, but has to remain at the base camp there while the author leaves him temporarily to follow instead the intrepid Commodore on the famous dash to the North Pole. (Sometimes I'm surprised at the factual and especially historical information I acquired in my grade-school years by reading what I innocently accepted as books of fiction.) However, when the flag has been planted on top of the world and Peary has returned, one of Peary's officers suddenly discovers, in the midst of triumphal celebration over the notable accomplishment, that our young "Eskimo" is no Eskimo at all, but is the officer's own son, lost on an ill-fated expedition of several years before. The nose-freezing is explained; the father clasps our juvenile to his breast with the dramatic statement: "You are not an Eskimo—you are John, an American boy!" The book of course did not mention Matt Henson, the Negro who was selected by Peary actually to go with him on that final dash, the last stage of the trip to the Pole itself. The author probably saw no need to complicate matters.

At Nome, my contact with Eskimos had been slight. I had ordered a parka to be made up and had bought a pair or two of mukluks, or fur boots. A half-Eskimo who had worked beside me nailing tin sheathing on the roof of the Bon Marché store had borrowed \$10, then \$5, then \$5 more from me, which I soon began to suspect—with accurate prognosis—I would never get back. I doubt, however, that anyone will hold this to be a peculiarly Eskimo failing. I had watched the King Islanders hit the Nome beach in their great oomiaks, I had bought ivory bracelets and an ugruk-tusk cribbage board from them. I had been inside a few Eskimo houses, had visited, once, a "squaw man" and his wife. At the Lyceum Theatre I had seen a motion picture of the *Nanook of the North* variety, in which, so far as the Production Code permitted, some suggestion seemed to exist concerning courtesies extended to an overnight Eskimo guest on a long journey away from his own igloo and his own wife.

But now we had to decide whether to admit to membership a man unfortunately for us married to a half-Eskimo. (We regarded as beside the point the fact that the half-Eskimo wife was a graduate of an "Outside" teachers' college, illustrating thereby, perhaps, the possibility of sliding into right conclusions on a basis of wrong reasons.) The NAC searched its collective soul for a decision showing independence, adherence to principle, and at the same time unqualified support of the social code. Each of these considerations quickly assumed its proper degree of importance. We voted against the proposed member; and to keep race questions from troubling us again we passed a bylaw restricting membership to whites who, if they were married, were married to whites. We did this courageously and forthrightly, in open vote, our "ayes" sounded with firm voices. The problem, met thus head-on, seemed to have been silenced forever.

In our status as a club we sponsored dances, open to the public, nearly every Saturday night. Over the expense of hall, orchestra, and a two-day insertion of a streamer-advertisement in the *Nome Nugget*, we made a profit of \$25, maybe \$50. We did not, as did the other clubs in their semi-private dances, exclude Eskimos: consequently three or four "squaw men" brought their wives, and ten or a dozen unmarried half-Eskimo girls usually arrived in a group and sat together hoping to be asked to dance—these few among a crowd of whites numbering a hundred and fifty or two hundred. One could dance with the wives of the "squaw

men," though it was not recommended to do so; but the unmarried half-Eskimo girls were strictly off limits. A ruling society seems to know where it can afford to be a little indulgent, and where it is vulnerable.

Because of the dances, there was money in the NAC treasury. We bought coal to heat our gymnasium, and sent over to Fairbanks for boxing gloves, stop watches, rosin. Toward March the coaching of our ex-professional developed in a number of our members sufficient prowess in the manly art of self-defense for talk to begin regarding a smoker. A committee appointed for the purpose instituted a training schedule at the gymnasium, paired off suitable opponents to make up a card, and arranged to rent the Lyceum Theatre for one night and to set up a ring on the stage. The smoker was ostensibly amateur, in order to avoid entanglement with the Alaska licensing and tax laws, but the committee promised the entire receipts over barest expenses to the fighters. By this move it secured several good boxers who were not NAC members to add attraction to the card.

For our star fighter, however, a blond, handsome, 180-pound youth from Texas, with something of a killer instinct that made him cruel even to his sparring partners, we had no opponent. And without Tex, the card, though good, would be disappointing. We wanted to find the best man possible to match him against. There was even a trace of feeling among club members that if Tex should happen to get his comeuppance, why that, too, might be all right. Still it was only a week before the scheduled date of the smoker that we finally discovered our man, a ferocious-looking individual of 225 pounds or thereabout, named George, who was credited with having more than once proved his mettle in a rough and tumble engagement. George was a "squaw man." We hadn't thought of him before, possibly because he and his wife never came to the NAC dances, and he himself had never made any attempt to join the NAC or to associate with NAC members. But he would fight Tex: he had already a couple of kids' mouths to feed, and there was a baby on the way.

About this time, among certain elements of the townspeople with whom we had contact, and even within the NAC itself, sentiment had developed toward restricting at least one of our regular Saturday night dances. "I know white girls who would like to go to an NAC dance," ran the typical argument, "but they don't want to compete with a bunch of klottches." All at once, to us, our policy became clear. We were ashamed of our previous hedging. The streamer-advertisement of our next dance carried, in small caps enclosed in parentheses, the notification—"whites only."

The dance developed into a considerable financial success. And we were complimented by several women who had not previously attended an NAC affair, and by their escorts, for our awakening. A United States deputy marshal who possessed a reputation for friendly dealing with the Eskimos stationed himself voluntarily at the door. "You people make the rules," he said. "I just don't want to see any trouble." But the streamer-advertisement had had its effect, and there was little for him to do. The "squaw men" with their wives and the half-Eskimo girls who had attended regularly, accepted our dictum and stayed away. Only one incident occurred: there was a sudden loud talking outside the door, and the deputy marshal went to investigate. In a few minutes he returned. "Your fighter wanted to bring his squaw in here—but I told him you people make the rules." He didn't elaborate. Someone else told us George had been drinking most of the evening.

We expected George to train at the gymnasium, get into whatever condition the few days before the smoker allowed. He didn't show up, though Sunday, Monday, passed. Then

he was discovered at a poolroom bar. "He's training on beer. Twenty bottles a day"—came the report. Ordinarily George wasn't a drinking man.

We sold every seat in the Lyceum. The smoker turned out to be one of the big events in Nome during the winter of '34-'35. The early bouts displayed the boys' willingness to mix things up; however, the three-round limit kept anyone from getting a real beating and required a judges' decision on the outcome of each bout. Then came the main event.

There was a momentary slackening of noise, almost a hush, when the spectators beheld the difference in the fighters. George, heavy, ape-like in build and hairiness, seemed at least twice the size of the pink-skinned, slender Tex. But George staggered even while going to the center of the ring for instructions. Tex let him ride for a couple of rounds, and then with a right cross in the classic style dropped him to the canvas.

Afterwards, a number of us were having a late snack at the North Pole Restaurant, when George came in. He had a bruise under his eye, though he no longer staggered. "I just want to tell you," he said, "I'm not afraid of any man. I'll take on any man, here and now." He looked at each of us. "You guys are the great NAC, which we thought was going to be different. But you turned out like all the others. I guess you know why I didn't train at your gym. I don't have to explain."

We were full of excitement over the success in all ways of the smoker, and we had been able to pay the fighters more than either they or we had expected. We felt good we owed no one a debt of any kind, and also that we needed no longer to let serious questions arise to interfere with the bright future of the NAC. A member who had served on the smoker committee stood up, faced George from across the table, and spoke somewhat like this:

"We know what you mean, George—no further explanation is necessary. I think I may extend the apologies of the NAC if either you or your wife took it personally. We don't have, any of us, anything against you personally, George."

The well-mannered voice fit the words. The apology conveyed clearly to George and to us all, that between him and us there could be no challenge, no conflict, no opposition of any kind. I think George would rather have taken on Tex every day for the rest of his life. His face changed from one shade of ashiness to the next. He mumbled a few words and retreated.

Our smoker-committee member became a hero whose glory utterly eclipsed Tex's. For he had met the most difficult of the problems which had beset the NAC, and has solved it once and for all—simply, effectively, without compromise. We now had a principle, a formula. The NAC knew where it would stand, for the rest of the winter, for the uncounted years to come.

If there was still an occasional doubt it remained quiescent; and the NAC suffered an altogether natural demise when nothing occurred offering reason for young men to stay in Nome the next winter. Later, as the decade of the '40's brought a tremendous struggle involving and overwhelming a number of the ideas the NAC had tried to cope with, others among former NAC members besides myself probably wondered whether we could not perhaps have done a little better than we did, despite the confusing complexity of conditions, despite the limitations of understanding in the larger society in which we found ourselves. Young men have a certain obligation of leadership, which seemed somehow, in our case, to have been defaulted.

The Diplomacy of Disengagement

Anna M. Cienciala

► A TIDAL WAVE of anger, protest and frustration at the present deadlock in international relations is sweeping over Western Europe while disorientation and criticism are growing in the United States. The fundamental reason for this state of affairs is the lack of adequate response, or rather, a continued policy of inadequate response to Soviet challenge by the leading Western Power. Following their startling and successful primacy in launching an earth satellite, the Soviet leaders have been pounding the United States mercilessly into a diplomatic-propaganda dead-end with three interconnected demands: disengagement, or the neutralization of Central Europe, a ban on nuclear weapons tests and production, and a Summit Conference. The State Department has reacted negatively to all but the third proposal and its more positive attitude to the latter has developed only recently, that is, with the agreement that a Summit Conference need not necessarily be preceded by a Conference of Foreign Ministers. While feelings in Europe run high over these issues, while demonstrations against nuclear tests are taking place not only in Western Europe but in New York itself, the fundamental problems involved and their role in the present balance-of-power tend to be obscured or not seen at all. It is painfully clear, however, that both camps of extreme opinion in the West, the camp for maintaining the present United States-Western policy and the camp which proposes accession to Soviet demands as the only "realistic" way to peace, are not tackling the main issues but are fighting a war of shadows.

Since the main charges against United States foreign policy are widely known, they need only be briefly stated here. On the Soviet side, of course, the United States is being accused of war-mongering, aggression, imperialism and refusal to co-operate for world peace. In the Western world, the United States is accused of merely waiting for Soviet challenges, of making inadequate responses, of having lost the initiative, and of basing its policy on "unrealistic" principles. These "unrealistic" principles are the assumption that the Soviet Union is preparing a war of aggression against Western Europe, that the United States must maintain some troops in Europe, that NATO is absolutely necessary for the defence of Western Europe, and above all it seems, that the Soviet Union is a rival power with which the United States is forced to contend on every level of international relations and in every part of the world. It should be noted that the charge of inadequate response levelled at the United States by Western critics is in complete contradiction with the Soviet accusations of American aggression. The real issue is therefore whether the principles on which United States foreign policy has been based so far were indeed unrealistic, and if so, what principles it should now adopt instead.

No better illustration of the official United States attitude can be given than that expressed by John Foster Dulles in his letter to the *New Statesman* of February 8th, 1958, in reply to Khrushchev's letter printed earlier in the series of correspondence initiated by the British scientist, Bertrand Russell. "The creed of the United States", writes Mr. Dulles, "is based on the tenets of moral law" and of the abjuration of force except in self-defence. The Communist Powers, on the other hand, contends Mr. Dulles, cannot resign from force since their power is based on it and their whole political system is predicated on continued world revolution which

is brought about by force. This attitude is intelligible within its own framework of reference and it is surely plain that the establishment of nearly all Communist governments has been achieved by force. However, the fact that Communism is based on force does not necessarily have to mean that it is based on military force alone. The assumption that the Soviet Union would use only military force to bring Western Europe under its domination, an assumption on which NATO is based, may have been erroneous, although in view of the circumstances attending its birth this may have been a plausible interpretation.

NATO has not been a successful venture and its weakness and lack of self-confidence have contributed much to the present situation. The fault, however, lies not with NATO but with the principles underlying the world policy of the Democracies and with the conflict between the military strategies of the Atomic Bomb and World War II. The concept that Soviet power could advance by force of arms alone was rooted in the traditions of the two great Democracies, Great Britain and the United States which are also island-powers. From their point of view, based on their political and ethical traditions, peace had to be total peace just as war could only be total war. The sea had separated them, at a period preceding our era of rapid communications, from any conception of the evolutionary, creeping metamorphosis of politics into war and war into politics, a principle well-known to Clausewitz and one at the base of Soviet-Communist world policy. Long periods of undisturbed peace had resulted in orderly patterns of existence and in the acceptance of the rule of law. No wonder then that the principles of Western policy have been legal, ethical and materialistic and that no state in between war and peace could be easily understood. To this must be added the fact that the basis of all Western military strategy has been the defense of the Status Quo while the basis of Soviet-Communist strategy has been continuous advance by all possible means. The Western Democracies and the Communist world system have therefore been looking at each other through two different pairs of spectacles, but it is the spectacles of the Western Powers which seem to have been the least fitted for appreciating the changing world situation.

It is a sad but ironic truth that it has been the very basis of Western policy which has led to the present stalemate. The Democratic idea of peace involved the demobilization of armed forces. President Roosevelt himself told Stalin that his aim was to get his "boys" out of Europe as soon as possible—no doubt an encouraging idea to Stalin. The United States, however, possessed the Atomic Bomb and in view of the demobilization of its armed forces, this was naturally seen as its only weapon. Since the position of the United States and its allies was a defensive one, the A-Bomb was seen as a "deterrent." Cognisant of the horrors of the Bomb and defining aggression as an all-out attack on the United States, American military strategy was based on the principle of deterring or fighting an all-out war. This strategy could not prevent, because it was not geared to piecemeal advance, the consolidation of Soviet power in Eastern Europe, the Berlin Blockade, the victory of Mao-Tse Tung in China, the Korean War, Dien-Bien-Phu or the Soviet crushing of the Hungarian Revolution. On the other hand, the unwillingness of the United States to share its atomic information with its allies, the fact that the only military organization in Europe possessing the A-Bomb was SAC which was outside of the NATO framework, were bound to produce a feeling of impotence and depression among America's European allies. NATO was meant as a shield for Europe, but torn between World War II strategy and A-Bomb strategy, suffering from the financial incapacity of

its members to fulfill their contingents, its role was nebulous and did not inspire confidence. What is more, the United States plainly lacked faith in the possibility of defending Europe. Such definitions of NATO as "a trip-wire" or a "plate-glass window", were, to say the least, not encouraging to its European members. When the NATO Council finally decided to use nuclear weapons for the defense of Europe in 1954, the Soviet Union was in the fifth year of its nuclear tests and could already threaten "massive retaliation" on its own account. By 1955, the Soviets had developed a Strategic Air Force capable of delivering nuclear bombs at least to Western Europe. This stage in Soviet development, the impotence of Western Europe and the general exacerbation of the West by seven years of Cold War, provided the ingredients for agreement to a Summit Conference. The Geneva Conference, however, did not produce any concrete results and did not prevent Communist arms deals with Syria and Egypt which provided fuel for an explosion in the Middle East.

Of the three demands which the Soviet Union is now making, that of the Nuclear Ban dates back to 1945. Since that date, the Soviets have been demanding an unconditional ban outside of U.N. control and surveillance. Since the Soviets did not explode their first A-Bomb until 1949, and since the Bomb was the only weapon with which the United States could counter Soviet superiority in conventional arms, it is not surprising that no agreement could be reached. Soviet propaganda set out to paralyze the United States by insistence on the horrors of nuclear war, although this insistence was much more pronounced before 1949 than later. From c. 1953/54, the Soviet Union began to present nuclear war not as an end of all civilization but as the nemesis of the Capitalist world, a position which it still holds today.

The demand for "disengagement" in Central Europe was introduced in 1955, apparently following upon a suggestion made by Sir Anthony Eden at the Geneva Conference. It has been pursued by the Soviet Union with great zeal in two zones: the Baltic Sea and Central Europe, while attempts are also being made to persuade Greece and Italy to join this neutral zone. As formulated by Poland's "Rapacki Plan" of October 1957 and February 1958, the demand consists essentially of banning the use and production of nuclear weapons in West and East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia. West Germany has refused the plan on the ground that it would still leave Soviet troops in East Germany and thus prevent the reunification of Germany and the efficient defence of West Germany.

As for the Summit Conference, the Soviets have been demanding one insistently for the last two years. It should be noted that such a Conference is not seen by the Soviet leaders as an opportunity to negotiate a settlement but an occasion to ratify the existing situation favorable to them, or, if this is not agreed to, as a forum on which to accuse their opposite numbers of refusing peaceful proposals. As Clausewitz wrote "The conqueror is always a lover of peace... He would like to enter our territory unopposed", a passage much appreciated by Lenin. Unfortunately, however, a Summit Conference is magic to Western ears and evokes visions of reasonable men sitting amiably round one table. It is instructive to remember that Mr. George F. Kennan, after expending much space in his famous Reith Lectures on the fundamentally distorted views which the Soviet leaders have of the Western world, should still propose that the Western leaders tell the Soviets exactly what they intend and don't intend to do. Presumably this will convince the Soviets, despite their distorted views, of the sincerity of Western proposals. Mr. Lippmann is equally reduced to hoping that the West will find a "reasonable" Soviet govern-

ment with which to negotiate. After thirteen years of bitter experience to the contrary, this hope is more indicative of desperate faith than "realism". It is surely obvious that the West should agree to a Summit Conference only after loud propaganda diffusion of its stand and fight the Soviets at the round table with their own weapons. The Summit Conference has become a symbol of peace which cannot be rejected, but it must not for all that lead us to believe that anything can be negotiated there on a basis of equality of sincerity.

Each of the three main, interconnected issues in discussion to-day has more than one aspect. The historical aspect of the Nuclear Ban shows it to have been an element of vital security for both the United States and the USSR. Its meaning has been both symbolic and strategic. For the Soviet Union to-day it implies the stoppage of U.S. tests at a stage convenient for the Soviets—i.e. further U.S. testing might shortly lead to efficient tactical nuclear weapons with a limited fall-out—while the stoppage of production, supposing that it could be enforced, might lead to a return to extended use of conventional arms in which the Soviets are immeasurably superior. The defenceless and terrified Western European populations do not yet have sufficient nuclear weapons to hold the Soviets in check and do not want to incur danger by accepting them. The governments of Great Britain, France and West Germany, on the other hand, do not want to forego nuclear weapons since this would mean relegation to permanent dependence on one of the two major Powers. In the recent great debate on nuclear arms in Bonn, the Minister of Defence, Strauss, asked why, if Germany did not have nuclear weapons, the United States should defend it. Foreign Minister von Brentano, in a letter to the C.D.U. leader Bucerius, put the matter more strongly asking whether the latter believed that once U.S. troops left West Germany, the United States would use nuclear arms against Soviet pressure or a local conflict, or whether Bucerius thought the West German army capable of defending West Germany. The British government has developed a Strategic Air Force and atomic stockpile at enormous cost,—because it was not sure that the United States would agree with it on strategic targets for retaliation. The French are about to explode their first A-bomb this summer. Above all, there is the U.S. proposal made last December, to supply nuclear missiles to NATO countries. This move, it should be remembered, followed immediately on the launching of the Soviet satellites which gave clear evidence of Soviet ability to produce ICBM's—which the United States still does not possess.

The Western protagonists of the Nuclear Ban see it only as a factor of decreasing the danger of radiation and a step towards peace. Scientists are not in agreement on the danger of radiation. It is claimed by some that if tests were continued at the rate of their highest frequency (1953-55), the Roentgen dosage in the Western Hemisphere would average 0.2 r in the next thirty years, while possible damage begins at 25-50 r, injury at 50-100 r and possible disability at 100-200 r. The current concentration of Strontium-90 is only c. 10/10,000 of the danger dose. These figures depend, of course, on the non-increase of the number of tests and volume of fall-out. Other scientists contend that the continuation of the present dosage is dangerous. The Soviet Union, after liberally spraying the world with the fall-out of its last tests, is basing its appeal on Health and Peace, a more convincing appeal than that of figures. Apart, however, from the stage of scientific development reached in nuclear weapons by both countries,—a stage which is unknown to the public,—it would have been better policy for the United States to agree on a ban, provided this was followed by a

reduction of conventional weapons to parity. Since the Soviet Army numbers around 200 divisions and U.S. troop power is virtually nil in comparison (there are 4 U.S. divisions on the Rhine; by 1960 U.S. armed forces were to be reduced by 800,000), this would entail the demobilization of virtually the whole Soviet army and navy. Of course, the United States has proposed this time and again and has been refused time and again but this should not deter it from loudly proposing the same over again. The present battle is one in which propaganda is policy, or should be on the Western side, and in which slogans carry weight and not diplomatic notes. It is not difficult to foresee what course negotiations begun on these demands would follow, but the United States could at least have avoided the onus of refusing an apparently peaceful and humanitarian gesture.

Perhaps the only useful suggestion that the West could make in the field of nuclear weapons and armaments would be to declare readiness not to use weapons above a minimum level of fall-out and to exempt cities within a wide perimeter from nuclear bombardment. Mr. Kissinger suggests in his book that these proposals could even be made by the West as a unilateral declaration; there is nothing to lose in such a declaration and the propaganda effect would be encouraging.

The problem of disengagement, or the neutralization of Central Europe, has been warmly welcomed by the political opposition and public opinion of Western Europe. The British Labour M.P., Dennis Healey, has suggested, in addition to the ban of nuclear weapons and production in the zone, that the U.S., British and Soviet armed forces withdraw from Central Europe but that the Western allies maintain missile bases on the edges of the Continent. Mr. George F. Kennan, in the Reith Lectures, supports disengagement and goes even further in advising that the Soviet Union and the United States be excluded "as direct factors in the future development of political relations on the continent" (Lecture III). Walter Lippmann, in the April issue of the *Atlantic*, implicitly supports such a withdrawal from Continental Europe. Unfortunately, of course, Europe and the Soviet Union are both on the same Continent, whereas the United States is not.

There are three aspects of disengagement in Central Europe which should be considered together. One aspect is its potential impact on NATO and Western Europe, the second is the context of this policy in the Eastern European situation, and the third is that of the possible consequences of extending neutralization to the whole European continent. The impact of disengagement on NATO could be disastrous. It may be argued, however, that NATO is an outdated instrument anyway and that it should be replaced by a new Western alliance system based on a common or individual possession of nuclear weapons supplied by the United States. This alliance system should guarantee the independence and territorial integrity of a united Germany, or at least of West Germany. The East European and, in particular, the Polish context of the Rapacki Plan is another matter altogether. The Poles and the Czechs, but especially the former have cause to fear a Germany armed with nuclear weapons since the territorial changes of World War II have not been accepted by any West German government, nor ratified by a peace treaty which is still to be signed. A West Germany armed with nuclear weapons might also mean the increase of Soviet units armed with nuclear weapons in Poland. Such a state of affairs would lead to a limitation or end of the political freedom which is now greater in Poland than anywhere else behind the Iron Curtain, and to a further strain on the tottering national economy. Last, but not least, the Rapacki Plan has its roots in Polish diplomatic tradition.

Colonel Joseph Beck, Poland's Foreign Minister from 1932-1939, had worked out a project for a "neutral security zone" stretching from Scandinavia in the North to Rumania and Turkey in the South. Nothing came of it, however, since it did not fit in with the foreign policies of the major powers. For all the above reasons, the Rapacki Plan would be of great advantage to Poland and perhaps to Eastern Europe as a whole. It has been suggested that such a neutralization might lead to more "democratization" or "liberalization" in Eastern Europe. This might indeed result although it should be borne in mind that the Soviet Union cannot tolerate any real independence; the case of Hungary is an example. The value of Eastern Europe for the Soviet Union has been that of a bastion and a base and may be that of a safety-belt in the future. Not only for these but also for economic reasons, the Soviet cannot allow full independence in Eastern Europe. At present, almost half of the credits in the Soviet Foreign Aid program for underdeveloped countries come from Eastern Europe, mostly from Czechoslovakia and Poland who are the main armaments and heavy machinery suppliers for the Middle East. With these reservations in mind, however, there is every possibility of a gradual improvement in the East European situation if the Rapacki Plan is accepted, with or without further modifications, while in all probability the situation will seriously deteriorate if no agreement on disengagement is reached.

The third, the "potential" aspect of disengagement, lies in the implications of total U.S. and Soviet disengagement from Europe. If this were to imply the absence of even missile bases, as it apparently does, the vast industrial complex of Western Europe would lie at the mercy of the Soviet Union—unless, of course, the Soviet Union has no appetite at all for the control, political, economic or military of this second greatest workshop in the world. Mr. Kennan, with disarming simplicity, holds that the only necessary guarantee for peace would be the internal health of the nations and the only necessary defence a militia. Such a nation is to say to the Soviet Union: "Look here, you may be able to overrun us, if you are unwise enough to attempt it, but you will have small profit by it; we are in a position to assure that not a single Communist or other person likely to perform your political business will become available to you for this purpose". The Soviet Union, according to Mr. Kennan, would pay bitterly for its gains, faced with the "hostility" of the nation. Such a stand might imply that the French and Italian governments would first be able and willing to stage a "night of long knives" on their flourishing Communist Parties, and that the hostility of the conquered peoples would outbalance Soviet gains from controlling the vast industries of Western Europe. But if the Soviet Union does not occupy Western Europe or rule it through the Communist Parties, let us suppose the internal health of one of these nations fails and it needs economic aid—are we to suppose that it will be permitted to apply to the United States? It is surely clear that a disarmed Western Europe would have no choice but to do what it was told. The realities of such a political situation and the impossibility of power vacuums remaining unfilled, make the existence of an unarmed and independent Western Europe an utopian vista. The third alternative, that of Western Europe as a "Third Force" organized in a regional economic and military union, implies an armed Europe—a Europe armed with nuclear weapons.

To sum up the roads open to Western policy, it is the writer's opinion that the West should agree to a Nuclear Ban and a stoppage of production if these were coupled with Soviet disarmament in conventional weapons. This has been the diplomatic stand of the United States in the past;

Sisyphus

Sorrow came not in the beginning, but the end.
Then was my spirit writhing in the dust
Which death in chains could neither break nor bend—
But greed for time had found my timing out.

There was the graveyard where I meant to die
(My name had leaped before me on the stone)
And so I lay, face lifted towards the sky,
Flying the flesh that hugged the quivering bone.

I had no wish to die, who has, when young?
The fire that flamed my flesh had lit my bones,
Yet now I heard my spirit's smallest cry
Sharpen its dying on the marble stones.

But life, detaining always, held me then
I really meant to die, as Pluto knows—
Until a leaf had wept, a beggar laughed,
I saw a tiger come to kiss a rose.

And so I linger, in and out of time
Stoking the night-filled mountain of desire,
No thought of comfort stays when I'm alone
In the deep hollow of my fear, and fire,

For sorrow is now the beginning of the end.
How could I know too much would decimate?
I kiss my wife who tastes of ashes,
Love, and think of hate,

While the earth grows colder every year
And all my friends die young.
I move a mountain when I move a stone
And resurrect my cross in every one.

Genevieve Bartole.

Fishes Out Of Water

Last Spring when the very crunchy ice went out under
Winnipeg's many city bridges (Osborne, Redwood and
Maryland)

And to the April heat skies opened wide as a staring crocus,
When we loped by the river we were aware that people eyed
us—

For our moods showed up clear blunt steeples in that prairie
land—

As, walking and talking, we betrayed a childish lusting for
Those wider vistas and whiter walls on the far green shore.

The city's children were racing along the banks; their filled
wishes

Rushed naturally out to the brown waters and the frozen
fishes

And all that tangle of jammed ice-pans and mangled dusty
Disorder come from fascinating border towns: shiny or rusty
Tin-cans, bedsprings rammed into joking bicycle
Shapes the wheels with spokes of straw and icicles,
And delicious driftwood shapes the colour of winter fishes.

Because they belonged in these waters the children shook
Off school and all dull care quicker and easier far than we can
lose

Deep longings for the quiet homepool even should we choose;
But our salvation was to plumb those muddy waters with a
clear look

And know how that wide, salt-drawn river took
(Just as some loving river takes longing you and me)
All that was loss and dross to the cleansing Sea.

M. Morris.

An Old Green Blind

At twilight
The sad March day being nearly at an end,
Like a raven-haired housewife, nearly buffeted
Away by mere weather, there
I'm pinned to the rant and rave of the pulley-line . . .
My mind goes still
As an old green blind,
Hanging awry on a street that looks out on the alley . . .

Where rests (on the windowledge)
A bowl of fruit
Green apples, strange out-of-Winnipeg oranges,
In fact all the exotic plot is there
(scream upon scream curling, yellow suns,
a planet tossable, the big beach fire,
round and perfectly happy and so golden)
That keeps me travelling, travelling on.

M. Morris.

No Bridge

In the darkhour seeking, wakeful to lie
Under the sibilant shadows of trees,
Knowing there is no answer, no reply;
Not in the word at least—the pleas
Of poets drowned in wheat and ore
And the din of tickertape frantic with quotes.
What is the latest breathless score?
What proxies will garner the winning votes?
We are finite, yes; the signs we know
Are ledger marks in a vacuum vault
Where the tranquillizing credits grow
To giants striding in grim assault.
With the major issue a banking matter
What route lies over this greedy ridge?
The poet's voice is an unheard natter
As flat as a highway sign: *No Bridge.*

Vernal House

Pasiphaë and the Bull

Temptation was the bull before her eye.
She tried. She could not blot him from her mind.
He was the dream, the nightmare-stifled cry.
Temptation was the self she dared not find.
—She rose one dawn, with brainmist in her eyes,
And walked across the dewwet fields, and cried.
The wind ungirt her robes and kissed her thighs;
The white bull waited with white heaving side.
—She trembled, stroked him, knelt, and arched her back,
And bit her lips, and gasped, and steeled her soul,
And felt the bull's full burden on her back,
And felt the bull's full burden leave her soul.
—And when the townsmen saw her pregnancy
And scoffed, she only smiled: Now she was free.

George Ross Ridge.

it should now be a full-blast propaganda stand. It is obvious that the Soviet cannot agree to this proposal just as the United States cannot agree to give up its bases in Western Europe (outside of West Germany) and North Africa. Even Mr. Lippmann agrees to this. Thus the Summit Conference should be seen as a slinging match which the West must enter with its sleeves rolled up and with the support of all its mass media of communication. The one sphere in which the West can agree to Soviet proposals is in the matter of disengagement in Central Europe but it must press for the withdrawal of Soviet troops from East Germany as a price for the withdrawal of its own troops from West Germany. Here the United States has a great advantage, since the Soviets have about four times as many divisions in German soil as the United States. This advantage could and should be played to the hilt. Of course, such a United States withdrawal should be put forward as an intention and not accomplished until the remaining ex-NATO or NATO allies are reformed and armed with nuclear weapons to guarantee the independence of Germany and their own.

What the Western world desperately lacks is a dynamic faith in itself which could lead it to exploit Soviet weaknesses effectively. To do this, it must once and for all make up its mind about Eastern Europe and its attitude towards uncommitted countries and see these not as beggars or nuisances but as potential allies and checks to Communist expansion. No ideals have ever been born from a defense of the Status Quo. Perhaps the most "agonizing reappraisal" of all is for the West to discover ideals in which it can actively believe and for which it is willing to run risks; the present situation is waiting to be integrated into such a reappraisal. It cannot wait much longer.

The Girl in the Apartment

Gabriel Gersh

► I THINK that it was Harry who spotted her first. At any rate, I remember that he said, in his cautious way, "I think there's a girl over there on the ground."

Then he gave me a lot of technical artillery directions—eleven o'clock, oak tree, foreground, and several other confusing details, until I saw her.

We went over to investigate.

It was a girl all right—young, perhaps less than twenty years old. A well-built, very dirty girl, lying as if she had been thrown to the ground. She was unconscious. Her ragged dress was around her waist and her long thighs were bare and badly bruised. She looked as if she might be dead, but her heart was beating.

Harry and I put her in our jeep and took her back to the little apartment we shared. Military Government had found the little apartment for us and had turned out a large group of Germans who had been living in it.

Warm brandy brought the girl around. Little by little we learned her story. It was the usual one of escape from the Russian zone, of living alone in the forest in which we had found her, of hunger and weakness and then collapse. She spoke bad German and I took her for either a Lithuanian or Latvian.

We gave her small quantities of food, then more brandy, and eventually she closed her eyes and slept.

"Listen," Harry said, "what the hell are we going to do with her? Just the two of us sharing this place. Better call

someone and get her out of here before we get into trouble."

"Tomorrow," I said.

"No, tonight."

Harry was two ranks above me but he was the kind of fellow who never pulled rank.

"Tomorrow," I said. "She's going to sleep, then bathe and wash the filth out of her hair and eat. Then she'll put a fresh dress or something on and then later we'll send her to a camp."

"Oh, well," he said, "I suppose you know what you're doing."

"You take the jeep and go on over to the Island and see the black-market operators and buy some clothes. If she must go to a camp, at least she'll go in some warm things."

Harry took a couple of hundred cigarettes with which to buy the things and reluctantly left the apartment. I knew that whatever happened, he'd come back with a complete outfit. The Germans were always fooled by his quiet ways, but he always got the better of a bargain. Of all the poker players I ever had the misfortune to meet, I think he was the best. His face and those vacant eyes of his were worth a fortune to him.

I ran a bath and put plenty of disinfectant into the water. Then I took a can of flea powder from Harry's duffle bag. Harry had brought it with him for his terrier. That terrier had gone across Europe with us until it was eaten by some displaced persons. Harry was upset for months. I returned to the girl.

She was awake and when I came into the room, she smiled.

"I feel better, Herr Oberst," she said.

"Good." There was a familiar, blank look in her eyes—the same kind of look that infantrymen have after a battle.

"Do you feel strong enough to get washed?"

She looked at me and made a vague motion which might have meant anything. Then she closed her eyes.

I put newspapers under her head and got to work with the flea powder, the dog's brush and comb. After half an hour I carefully folded the paper and burned it. I took off my coat because I felt itchy.

The bath was full to the brim when I took her into the bathroom. She looked at the water vaguely and put one hand in it.

"In you go," I said.

I took her dress off by running one finger down the back of it; it tore like an old paper. Under it she had a filthy woolen sweater which I pulled over her head and threw into the garden. Her shoes, which were completely torn, followed. I helped her into the water and left her to soak. The water was clouded by the disinfectant and smelt good.

When I came back, she seemed to be asleep. The water was almost black and the smell was frightful. It was that sweet smell which is associated with dirt and hunger. I got her out and let the water drain and then pushed her under the hot shower.

It was a long job—washing her hair, dabbing iodine on her cuts, trimming her nails, and drying her thoroughly. I powdered her from head to foot with Harry's shaving talcum and stood back to see how she looked. She looked fine. She must be about eighteen, I thought.

She was a rather tall girl and her muscles were firm and her breasts were well-shaped. But the bruises on her thighs were an ugly reminder of the things she had suffered.

I wrapped her in Harry's bathrobe and tucked her up again on the couch in a fresh blanket. I gave her a comb and mirror, but she let them drop. I did her hair myself.

Then I fed her again and gave her more brandy and hot water.

By the time Harry got back with the clothes she was sleeping normally and he was rather impressed by the difference in her.

He was a little upset about his flea powder, but he finally agreed that it had been right to use it. "So, tomorrow, off she goes," he said. "I suppose you've called the right people."

"No," I said. "I haven't and she's not going. I'm going to keep her."

He raised an eyebrow.

"What for?" he asked with unusual directness.

"Because we found her." I couldn't explain it, particularly to Harry.

"That doesn't make sense," he said. "You know it's forbidden to keep women here."

"I don't give a damn," I said. "I'm going to keep her. I'm going to be pig-headed about it. Like you were the time you found that terrier after Calais. That's all there is to it."

He pursed his lips.

"I get you," he said, surprisingly.

For weeks she slept in a corner of my bedroom behind a screen. During that time she ran the whole apartment. She swept and cooked and dusted and darned. She woke us with coffee in the morning, turned on the shower for us, cooked breakfast while we were shaving, and laid out our caps and gloves for us to pick up as we left for work. And we very rarely saw her.

Harry began to approve of her. He often used to come into our little living room and look around with his big, vacant eyes, then smack his hands together and comment upon the smell of the cooking.

"The female touch is a wonderful thing," he'd say or something equally trite.

But he looked upon the fact that she slept in my room with a certain amount of reserve. There was nowhere else for her to sleep. He realized this, but, all the same, he could not approve. There was probably something in his Army manual against it. She couldn't sleep in the living room, because we often had visitors who slept on the couch. They came in at odd times, frequently in the middle of the night. I was damned if she would sleep in the kitchen. So, the corner of my room was the only place.

Harry brought the matter up once—a thing which must have been difficult for him. "I want to ask you something," he said. "I want your word that you're not sleeping with that girl. It's none of my business, but if you are, I want to know."

"I give you my word," I said.

"Thanks," he said. "I didn't really think you were. It would be a rather lousy thing to do—save the girl from freezing or starving to death, feeding her and then taking advantage of her fear of being tossed out if she didn't play ball."

"Harry," I said, "you're actually beginning to use your head. I couldn't agree more. But I'm almost annoyed with you for thinking I was sleeping with her."

He laughed. "I knew you weren't," he said. "The wall between our rooms is so thin I should have heard you anyway."

"Then why ask?"

"Well, I don't keep awake all night, you know," he said.

I could see from his eyes that he was happy that I wasn't sleeping with her.

So it went on—the girl, whom we seldom saw, did everything she could to make herself indispensable. Often we used to hear her scrubbing late at night. When we told her to stop working, she would look at us doubtfully. She always seemed to eye us with doubt, as if to read our minds. She

would speak only in brief phrases and never about herself.

She was looking healthier and a little heavier. Her hair shone and her clothes were always fresh and pretty. I never used to hear a sound from her corner of the room at night, and I think she used to breathe quietly until I was asleep.

She was invaluable, but she was also a problem. We knew practically nothing about her and there was something which prevented her from telling us about herself. She seemed to live in a state of constant suspense—terrified of coming too much to our attention. When she served our food, her hands used to tremble and the slightest word of praise brought blushes to her cheeks. All that we knew of her was that her name was Helga and that her parents were dead.

Perhaps she was German and afraid to admit it, in case we disliked the idea of being served by enemy hands. Perhaps she wasn't sure herself. It didn't matter. To me, she was part of the whole glorious messed up civilization—a life we had saved after a long period of destroying lives. To Harry, she was something in the nature of a dog that had claimed sanctuary with him.

Every time we left the apartment, she looked at us searchingly, trying to read from our faces whether or not we intended to come back. If I packed a suitcase to go away for a night, she fluttered around in the background. We tried to put her mind at rest. We talked to her as much as we could, often deliberately making arrangements for days ahead to give her something to cling to.

It began to worry us. We were secure and well fed and fairly contented. We had letters from home and knew that we would be finished with the whole damned business in a year's time, and that we could go home and resume our lives. We could plan. But for Helga, there was nothing. Nothing at all except the vague protection we offered, which might be cut off at a second's notice.

Sometimes, lying in bed with the knowledge that she was in the room—an invisible, soundless creature—I felt my heart beating and I was filled with bitter futility. She was so patient and undemanding, so trusting and so very lost.

I wanted to get her to talk and to stop being frightened of me. The whole thing made me angry in a baffled way. I wanted to be able to make everything right for, not the past, which could never be altered, but the future. Yet I knew that the only future before her was life in some camp. Her lack of papers put her outside the scope of the rehabilitation organizations. No one wanted to be bothered with her.

It was only a matter of time before Harry and I would be transferred or sent home. And then what?

The time finally came. We were to report to another town.

I told her.

"Helga," I said, "we have to go away. We can't take you with us."

She looked at the floor, clasping her hands tightly in front of her body.

"I understand," she said. "I will pack your things."

"Tomorrow will be all right. I'm going to find you a room in the house next door. I'll leave you enough money and cigarettes for you to live on for a time. And I'll send for you as soon as I can—when I find a new place."

"When you go," she said, "the police will take me away. I have no papers and no ration tickets."

"You must stay in the house. I shall arrange with the people there to get food for you. Perhaps in a week I shall be able to send for you."

"I have been a nuisance to you already." She looked at me for a second or so and there was a blank expression in

her eyes. When we went to bed that night, I heard her crying very softly.

The next morning I made the arrangements with the horse-faced German woman who lived in the next house. The place was filled from attic to cellar with men and women and children, but I got a tiny room for Helga and handed over the cigarettes and soap and money. Then I got the girl. It was a dirty little room with only a small bed in it. Helga looked around the room in silence, then turned to me.

"Well, good-by, Helga," I said and held out my hand to her.

She seized it and threw herself upon me. Her eyes were frantic and terrible and her mouth was open. I put my arms around her and gently patted her on the shoulders.

I was wondering how to get away when she suddenly broke away from me. She stood back and her expression had changed.

With a quick movement she pulled her dress over her head and stood completely naked before me for a few moments. Then she lay down on the bed and spread her legs apart. Her flesh goose-pimpled for contact with the cold blanket, and she still had on her muddy shoes. Her long, long body was clean and fresh and firm. Her face was innocent, but I could tell from her eyes that she was praying she would succeed in holding me.

I threw a blanket over her and stooped down and kissed her. Then I hurried down the stairs and out to the car, where Harry awaited me.

I got in beside him and he looked at me and then mashed the gears and drove jerkily away. From the way he drove, I knew he was angry and baffled and as sick in his heart as I was.

During the following months, we could not send for her because we were living in a barracks. There wasn't even time to go back and see her. The best that we could do was to cut down the time of the job to two months. In the spring we returned.

Harry drove straight to the house where we had left her.

The same, horse-faced German woman opened the door and looked at us with hostility. When we asked to see Helga she pointed toward the garden.

"She is in the chicken house," she said, a note of mockery in her voice. "The doctor said to isolate her. There was nowhere else. She brought the typhus into the house. We shall probably all die."

We found her in a little shed which had once been a chicken coop. She was lying on dirty sacks, her head propped up against the wall.

She opened her eyes when we came in. She recognized us and lifted her right hand to her hair and tried to push it back from her forehead.

Her expression was calm and her body was relaxed. We came nearer to her. It was plain that she was dying.

"I can sleep now," she said. "I can sleep."

She smiled at us for a second and closed her eyes. Two hours later she died.

"Come on," Harry said. "Come on. We can't do anything now."

"Yes, we can," I said. "We can stay here with her until they take her away."

"That wouldn't help," he said and took my arm. "Come on now."

"Harry," I said, "we don't even know her last name."

"Does it really matter?" he asked.

"Of course, it does," I shouted.

I sat down on an old chicken crate, put my head in my hands and wept. I wept not because she had been alone and

had died, not because she was young and brave and real. I wept because she had died without anyone ever really knowing her last name.

Film Review

► "NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS" seems to have been the criterion uppermost in the minds of the Academy Award selection committees. While *The Bridge on the River Kwai* richly deserved its award and popularity as the best film of the year, the other nominations should not pass without some random observations. *Sayonara* and *Peyton Place* have been tremendous box-office successes, *Witness for the Prosecution* will be if the shrewd use of association has any influence with the public, and *12 Angry Men* had already won a good award in Europe. None of these films is the best in picture-making but all are competent products which maintain the glossy production standards currently expected. Their greatest interest lies in their reflection of acceptable taste in North America.

Sayonara was conceived out of the industry's crucial need for a good love story starring a matinee idol of wide appeal—commodities in short supply. Add a dash of the vogue for things Japanese, a whiff of miscegenation, an opulently photographed exploration of the sugared delights offered by the Japanese to their conquerors, and the public rush to this exhibit of contrived exotica. Joshua Logan has served up a tedious film from these ingredients which only the apathetic could truly enjoy.

Logan's film efforts are appreciated in some quarters for reasons other than entertainment. Leslie A. Fiedler, in the January *Encounter*, suggests that the flowering of homosexual motifs in post-war American literature is the "purest protest" of this generation. In movies he cites *Picnic* as proposing to the American woman the homosexual's ideal of the handsome young man as her own. This opinion is perhaps corroborated by the heavy-handed, overstated manner which Logan allowed to Rosalind Russell, bug-eyed and rapacious at the sight of the bare calves and torso of William Holden, and the coyly seductive manner adopted by Holden for the part. This may or may not be a conscious predilection of Logan's but it is a fact that bare torsos are his trademark, diaphragm control essential to his leading men. Though his *Sayonara* has no taint of the perverse, as Fiedler argues that *Picnic* has, Logan nevertheless plays with a lot of interesting bric-à-brac in it. Hero Brando zooms on screen and while the fact is registering that he is an Air Force ace, there he is stripping to show his famous torso. More ominous still, he is wearing black leather flight boots. His Japanese girl appears in all-white masculine dress, complete with fedora. This is costume—she frequently represents males on stage. His high class, good-type American girl friend on the other hand, wears decolletage morning, noon, and night. She loses. But she has a Japanese male friend who is a famous female impersonator with the Kabuki theatre. He is a good thing as he also impersonates lions.

While toying with this ambivalent world of impersonations, American film ethics and taste prohibit the Japanese heroine from appearing nude in her variety show performance where it is obviously one of the typical features. A polite strip-tease is not at all out of place with the strict chaperoning, contractual slavery, and cozy family entertainment practised by her company. Rather it illustrates the practical wish of the Japanese to please their patrons, the American armed services, much as the *Folies Bergere* offers comfortable nudity to its middle-class English and American visitors. Omission of this sort of fact illustrates the point at which candour fails in these popular movies.

These reflections are all fuzz on the onion, of course. What has captured the popular imagination in *Sayonara* is Brando's portrayal of the obtuse, genial, All-American slob, the sentimental-melodramatic depiction of west meeting east, and the romantic problems of our boys in foreign lands. The problems of the officers include a system of caste and apartheid which would make the old imperial members of the Raffles Club blush. Days are set apart for "getting to know one another" parties with the natives which makes everything all right.

It is difficult to determine whether Brando's performance is a triumph of art or indifference for there are so many "boys" just like his Major Gruver and he gets the type off so accurately: little personality though always smiling and pleasant, no conversational powers though not without some natural shrewdness, mistaking the sort of surprised patronizing remark like "mighty fine cooking" for politeness, little sensitivity unless personally involved, complacent, and unimaginatively supporting the status quo. In short, a real nice fellow. When he starts lying around the floor in those Japanese pyjamas, he only lacks for a comic book. This role certainly demonstrates Brando's ability to charm in a nullity.

The other film jammed with audience identification goodies is *Peyton Place*, one of the worst directed films of the year. This one tediously explores the life of a small textile town typical of many to be found through eastern Canada and the New England states. The centre of the town's life is the high school and the film's interest lies in the conflict between the adolescent and adult generations. Possible solutions to this crisis are murder, flight, or reconciliation. Sex, which gained the novel such notoriety, is here introduced as the irritating sand in the matter. On the adult level, there is a scene which implies that it is noble to be carnal. (Needless to say, all inhabitants are very serious and never laugh.)

All the obvious ideas that can be wrung from a small-town locale are hung out to dry in this film. The result is a triumph of the lower-middle-brow point of view—therefore a dull commodity and too obviously tendentious for those who do not share it. The implicit though confused theme is that conformity and safe mediocrity will out. Significantly the plea for conformity comes from the younger generation. Mother suggests to daughter that she could find other standards and ambitions in life than those provided by Peyton Place. She responds, "Why should I want to rise above it?" "Because it is common and low" is the honest reply. Daughter answers with injured impatience, "But I want to be liked." The sure-fire solution for all problems is offered at the end of the film in a courtroom speech by the town doctor. He states that what makes Peyton Place so deadly is destructive gossip, and then advocates the "necessity to watch over one another" as a corrective!

The nomination of *Witness for the Prosecution* proves that the public still relishes ham with a little juice in it. This concoction of slick theatrical tricks is no more dubious than that overpraised film, *12 Angry Men*, which intellectuals were so ready to clasp to their bosoms last year. It is a credit to the Academy that the latter was ignored. Essentially its content is an insult to the intelligence of the American citizen. Its one-dimensional viewpoint implies that citizens serving on a jury will arrive at a just decision only through psychological manipulation and persuasion. It is even fascist in its depiction of one man's will power and verbal glibness inducing others to vote as he wishes. All in a good cause naturally, but...

Joan Fox

Correspondence

The Editor:

"... If confidence is so shaken that tax savings would be hoarded, this only proves that the recession is cumulating through a growing feeling of pessimism, and that fiscal measures should be supplemented by measures to increase the supply of money and credit" (*Forum*, April '58, p. 1). Certainly it also suggests that fiscal measures such as those decried in "Porkbarrel and Semantics" may be the only means of increasing the Canadian volume of money.

The money supply cannot be increased in a vacuum. The mere presence of excess reserves and low discount rates, the requisites of credit availability, is in the Canadian institutional organization no guarantee that loans of chartered banks will grow. The present circumstance attests to this fact. Further, if a strongly pessimistic reaction is exhibited towards a tax cut, one wonders why optimism should greet increases in available credit. The point is that direct government deficit spending on a "Prince Edward Island causeway" and on "millions of dollars worth of roads across the northern muskeg" may be the only method of increasing the money supply and of initiating a cumulative optimism. The social cost of misallocation in such projects may well be questioned. However, it must be juxtaposed with the social benefits expected to ensue.

Fiscal and monetary policy remain interdependent. Their connection is perhaps never more clearly demonstrated than when they are directed towards economic recovery. At this time, the helplessness of isolated monetary policy is apparent.

Henry Thomassen,
Assistant Economist,
Economic & Investment Research Division,
The Prudential Insurance Co. of America.

[As the title of the editorial indicated, our aim was to contrast good fiscal policy with bad, and good monetary policy with bad, not to set up good fiscal and monetary policies as exclusive alternatives.

We do not agree with Mr. Thomassen's relaxed views on the social cost of make-work projects located in the northern muskeg. Nothing is better designed to bring public works projects into disrepute than a casual attitude in their selection. The phrase "leaf-raking" survives as a derisive comment on some aspects of the New Deal's public works project. Eds.]

Turning New Leaves

▶ ANYONE WHO expects a *NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND*, a *De Profundis*, will be disappointed. Mr. Nathan Leopold has elected to give a straightforward, underwritten, and sometimes moving account of his life* after the age of nineteen, his thirty-three years' imprisonment in Illinois. The manuscript went to the publisher in July 1957. Mr. Leopold was in fact to be released on parole in March 1958, and he is now in Puerto Rico, working in a mission hospital run by a small Protestant community there, who first offered him a haven in 1952. "I can think of no line of endeavor in which I would have greater opportunities for usefulness. I should have the opportunity to drop quietly from sight, to live modestly, and bring finally to an end the tragic story that began in 1924."

The book has much to tell us about prisons: the routine, the discomforts, the punishments, the riots, the grapevine,

*LIFE PLUS 33 YEARS: Nathan F. Leopold, Jr.; Doubleday; pp. 381; \$6.25.

the cell-mates, the 'big men on campus'. More important, it indicates something of the adaptation of an intelligent and spoiled boy to the life in an unfree world. It is a study of the human spirit in adversity, of "what constituted the minimum essentials for life to go on", of training "oneself to want only what one can obtain". Mr. Leopold is not introspective. He is recounting his actual work in prison: his language studies; his articles on parole prediction; his founding of a school, with Richard Loeb (who was moved into the same prison in 1930) and his continuing of the school as a memorial after Loeb's murder in 1936; his work during the war, with the other convicts, in the army's malaria experiments—there is even a detailed description of the dissection of a mosquito which I'm afraid inevitably recalls the image used by the young Leopold to reporters in 1924: the bacteriologist putting a microbe under his microscope. Mr. Leopold was anxious to take a PhD, but this turned out not to be possible. All these things, as a result of the publicity given to the series of parole hearings since 1949, are now well known. No reasonable person can doubt that Mr. Leopold has earned his parole.

One must assume that the impression of the writer given in these pages is a true reflection of his personality. Well, the impression given is of a simple, sincere, uncomplicated and rather naive person. He refers to himself more than once as an ordinary little guy. All this is a bit hard to reconcile with the sophisticated and precocious undergraduate of 1924, who had entered the University of Chicago at the age of fifteen. The enigma of the Leopold mind remains.

Moreover, Mr. Leopold's flat, selective, rather dead-pan style goes well with a narrative to which he himself refers, with some truth, as "commonplace". He never really tells us very much. He has an expressed dislike of public display and overmuch protesting, of wearing hearts on sleeves, and his book is devoid of sentimentality or self-pity, which is saying a great deal for it. But the understatement and the omissions often confuse rather than clarify. There's a lengthy account of his research into the causes of crime, with two or three fellow convicts serving as case examples, that is almost comic in its detachment—how, one wishes to interrupt, do you feel that these conclusions relate to *you*: after all this is your book.

This evasion—which almost seems at times like a lack of commitment!—is most apparent in the first eighty pages of the book (about a fifth of the whole) which Mr. Leopold devotes to the investigations and the trial in 1924. (He has omitted anything dealing with his life before that time, and everything about the crime itself). The detachment in these pages is sometimes incredible. It is almost as if Mr. Leopold were a disinterested reporter, working from newspaper accounts, and as if the crime had been that of riding a bicycle without a rear lamp. Of course, there are 'inside' details which can now be added to any narrative of the case; there are conversations with Loeb, in direct quotes, which are presumably more accurate than those concocted by Meyer Levin in *Compulsion*. There is an interesting, but again surprisingly obvious, sketch of Clarence Darrow, which may add its mite to the 'myth' being built up about that great pleader (a 'myth' brilliantly fostered by the performances of Paul Muni in *Inherit the Wind* and Frank Conroy in *Compulsion*). Darrow is often compared to Lincoln. Mr. Leopold goes a little further: "If I were asked to name the two men who came closest to preaching the pure essence of love—love for the human race—I think I'd feel compelled to name Jesus of Nazareth and Clarence Darrow". There's 'compulsion' for you! But, these details apart, Mr. Leopold's pages on his months of ordeal are in one respect like Alger Hiss's account of his trials—the calm surface manner seems to spread a layer of ice over the truth. (Mr. Leopold describes the

exhaustive physical and psychological examination of himself and Loeb as "*one of the most interesting periods of my life*": my italics). One cannot say that it is deceptive. Mr. Leopold, although he admires James Branch Cabell's habit of "writing with tongue in cheek so cleverly that it takes a sharp reader to know just when he is being kidded", gives an impression of complete honesty about the things he puts in. What matters are the things he leaves out. He rarely gives us enough, rarely discusses what we most want to know. Significantly, Mr. Leopold's English style (never, for a linguistic prodigy, more than adequate) often falters badly in this first section; some of his images are fit only for the weekend magazines.

What of Leopold aged fifty-three on Leopold aged nineteen? I was then, he says—and one remembers the dark, surly, withdrawn features of the trial photographs—a "wild irresponsible kid", an "arrogant monster", an "insufferable creature", "unutterably stupid", "crazy". Further, he says, I had "no social consciousness" and "my emotional development lagged far behind my physical and my intellectual growth". There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave, to tell us this! "What could I conceivably add?", asks Mr. Leopold, to the published details of 1924. It is true that the public then came to know as much about the mind and morals of the two undergraduates as they now know about Eisenhower's inside. The trouble is that the observations Mr. Leopold does make seem so superficial (if one can without impertinence use that word of an autobiography!) that we can but wonder how far we are from the heart of the matter. Mr. Leopold's friendship with Richard Loeb was, until the day of Loeb's death, the central fact in his life: it calls for treatment in the round. Yet as Mr. Leopold describes himself sitting by the slashed body on the slab in 1936 the soliloquy he permits us to share with him is: "he had been my best pal"! Whenever Loeb enters the story the level of the writing drops to that of a schoolboys' comic strip. Everybody knows about the complete closed world of fantasy the two built up, bound by their physical relationship—in which Leopold was the aggressor, the more sexual: the pact seems to have been that Leopold would obey Loeb in all things if Loeb would cooperate with Leopold's physical demands. Completely abnormal, one might say, as unAmerican as all getout—how can such monster issue from wealthy German-Jewish Chicago? Or, one might say, how very like many undergraduates, only more so. Romantic friendships are neither unusual nor necessarily offensive: nor is it inevitably improper for undergraduates to fashion fantasies. What went wrong here, to produce the body in the conduit? The pair were at once monstrously unique and yet a reflection (however grotesque) of the ordinary adolescent mind. (In the play *Compulsion* the two youths seemed rather like a great many more or less sympathetic campus types). The relationship, at all events, was not a simple or an easily defined thing. Now see what Mr. Leopold has to say. "He was aces with me", he writes of Loeb: "I just liked the guy so darn much, admired him so darn much, that my mind closed automatically to anything unpleasant about him". Or again: "I thought so much of the guy that I was willing to do anything—even commit murder—if he wanted it bad enough". This sort of thing makes one blink. There is one passage where Mr. Leopold tries to explain something of his friend's complex character, and comes up with this conclusion: "It was a kind of a revolt—an over-reaction against the strictness of the governess who had charge of him until he was fifteen". We are far from the "dangerous maze of darkness" of which Darrow spoke.

It is not for us to calculate the strain. Mr. Leopold commands our attention when he describes how remorse came

to dominate his mental life, until it became "like a sombre shadow affecting the tone of everything else". "How very often I've wished that I could trade places with Bobby Franks! I don't believe there has ever been a time in the past twenty-five years when I would not have jumped at the chance to lay down my life to restore his". And pervading this book, indeed like a sombre shadow (more subtly because never mentioned) is that moment at about 5.30 p.m. on Wednesday 21, May 1924. On small agate points, it has been said, the fortunes of the world turn. It is hardly true, what Darrow said, with his gloomy agnostic view of predestination, that the crime was unavoidable: "these boys happened to meet; some sort of chemical alchemy operated so that they cared for each other, and poor Bobby Franks' body was found in the culvert as a result". Sir, we know our will is free, and there's an end on't. There was a moment when the chisel had not fallen — before the irrevocable moment when it fell. Then the shallows and the miseries, the thirty-three years in penitentiary (a place, as Mr. Leopold points out, for penitence), and today the remote mountain in Puerto Rico. It is a terrible, pitiful and sad story.

H. C. PORTER.

Books Reviewed

Letters

NEW LINES: AN ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY: ed. Robert Conquest; Macmillan; pp. 91; \$2.50.

In England the usual necessary reappraisal of the poetry of the preceding decade, in this case the forties, has been under way for some years. After certain adverse voices during that decade, notably Grigson's, Kenneth Allot, in his introductory note to the Penguin *Contemporary Verse*, 1950, remarked: "There is a good deal of loose, obscure, slapdash verse-making in the forties." *New lines, an Anthology of Poetry* is, it has been said, "the platform of the Wain Amis crowd", that is, of "The New Movement." The introduction, by Robert Conquest, its compiler, contains such statements as —'and I quote' (like a TV commercial)—"In the 1940's the mistake was made of giving the Id, a sound player on the percussion side under a strict conductor, too much say in the doings of the orchestra as a whole . . . This led to a rapid collapse of public taste, from which we have not yet recovered." And (a statement that our best Canadian critics may or may not like) "In this indiscriminating atmosphere other types of vicious taste, too, began to be catered for. The debilitating theory that poetry *must* be metaphorical gained wide acceptance."

According to Conquest, progressing to the "new and healthy general standpoint" "we see refusal to abandon a rational structure and comprehensible language." And "the most glaring fault awaiting correction when the new period opened was the omission of the necessary intellectual component from poetry"—though he points out certain bad effects of too much Empsonianism among the new writers. The main attack appears to be on the poetic style that looks back to Thomas and Barker.

Kingsley Amis, in "Wrong Words," has the lines:

Too fluent, drenching with confectionery

One image, one event's hard outline.

Compare with this Louis Dudek recently: "Anderson's fluidity and delightful verbosity was always less like Imagism . . . than like the pink floss candy sold at amusement parks." A stanza in this poem is:

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The Tamarack Review

ISSUE SEVEN CONTAINS

AN INTERVIEW WITH *Morley Callaghan*, A STORY BY *Mordecai Richler*, ARTICLES BY *John Graham*, *Robert Fulford*, AND *Henry Kreisel*, TRANSLATIONS BY *F. R. Scott*, OF POEMS BY *Pierre Trottier*, *Anne Hébert*, *Jean-Guy Pilon*, *Roland Giguère*, *Gilles Hénault*, AND POEMS BY *David Knight*, AND REVIEWS BY *Hugo McPherson*, *Millar MacLure*, *Norman Endicott*, AND *Alan Brown*.

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But loneliness, the word never said,
Pleads to be recognized through their conceits;
Behind their frantic distortion lies the dread,
Unforced, unblurred, of real defeats.

There is variety on the critical side. Donald Davie has a sometimes quoted poem "Remembering the Thirties," dealing with the 'saga' of the social poets of that period, ending:

A neutral tone is nowadays preferred.
And yet it may be better, if we must,
To find the stance impressive and absurd
Than not to see the hero for the dust.

For courage is the vegetable king,
The sprig of all ontologies, the weed
That beards the slag-heap with its hectoring,
Whose green adventure is to run to seed.

D. J. Enright's "The Wandering Scholar (in Japan)" has an obvious bearing, starting:

He went a little queer. He could not think the land
was wholly waste,

with the lines:

A giggling cry behind the paper screen did not portend
the bad end of a race
Or mean the death of every god . . .

The variety extends to the more 'human' side—and one striking thing about this collection, written with skill and often with a distinct tonality or musical value, is, how different from one another these poets are.

Thom Gunn is vigorously individual, vaguely comparable to Irving Layton, on this side of the Atlantic. "The Human Consciousness" begins:

Now it is fog, I walk
Sustained within my coat;
No castle more cut off
By reason of its moat:
Only the sentry's cough,
The mercenaries' talk.

with, later, the stanza:

I seek, to break, my span.
I am my one touchstone.
This is a test more hard
Than any ever known.
And thus I keep my guard
On that which makes me man.

Philip Larkin is better known than Gunn. A poem, "Maiden Name," begins:

Marrying left your maiden name disused,
Its five light sounds no longer mean your face,

and "Lines on a Young Lady's Photograph Album" ends, after "... So I am left . . . to condense,"

In short, a past that no one now can share,
No matter whose your future; calm and dry,
It holds you like a heaven, and you lie
Unvariably lovely there,
Smaller and clearer as the years go by.

John Wain, under the guise of refraining from writing an orthodox nature poem, actually does write a nature poem, orthodox or not. It begins, with a Shelleyan tonality:

The January sky is deep and calm.
The mountain sprawls in comfort, and the sea
Sleeps in the crook of that enormous arm,

and ends:

How little beauty catches at the throat.
Simply, I love this mountain and this bay
With love that I can never speak by rote,

And where you love you cannot break away.

Much might be quoted from this well-written and most interesting collection, where, if there is no wild, whirling 'genius' evident, there is certainly competence.

If some of these poems are intellectualistic, this is not embodied in forced imagery and splay-footed versification. In Canadian, as other, poetic criticism in the forties there was a tendency to equate such imagery with intellectualism. And, oddly enough, a style of rhetoric now under attack in England for, among other reasons, "omitting the necessary intellectual component from poetry" was heralded here as exhibiting "metaphorical allusion and metaphysical conceit," so entering into the "metaphysical tradition which both in England and in the United States is now firmly established" (the sport of tradition hunting was "firmly established" by Eliot); in short, gloriously "cosmopolitan." This as distinguished, for the better, from the misguided efforts of the unfortunate "natives" who, having become aware of contemporary American poetry, were presumably rendered incapable of thinking. John Sutherland, it will be remembered, made a vigorous attack on some fundamental errors in this position as long ago as 1946 in his introduction to *Other Canadians*.

If the confusing of word jumbling and awkward blurred imagery with intellectualism, or even with good writing, remains at all active in Canadian poetry criticism, its proponents might learn something from this *New Lines* collection.

W. W. E. Ross.

THE PHOENIX AND THE SPIDER: Renato Poggioli; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 238; \$7.50.

In this "sputnik age" the study of Russian literature has been sadly neglected in the West. It is not exactly flourishing in the USSR. The result is that the most sensitive mirror of the Russian mind is gathering dust.

All the more welcome, therefore, is this collection of essays on Russian writers by Harvard's Renato Poggioli. The studies which range from Dostoevski to Goncharov, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Bunin, Rozanov, and Babel are written with great erudition and insight. The Russian masters are seen through the eyes of a man at home in many literatures, but whose method is almost beyond reproach. Only very rarely, one feels, is the author carried away by his scholarship or by the intensity of his desire to probe deeper and deeper. His sketches of Tolstoy, Dostoevski, and Rozanov are brilliant, his analysis of Babel is perhaps the weakest section of the book, but the treatment of the correspondence between Ivanov and Herschensohn is illuminating, and the introductory essay on the tradition of Russian realism is a real gem.

Russian literature as seen by Poggioli displays an unresolved polarity between extremes and is lacking in sanity and acceptance, yet perhaps because of this it is fascinating. His own, humanist, outlook is best summed up at the end of one of the essays: "Man's life must be built in extension and depth, on the cornerstones of the Others and of the Self; only in such a shelter, temporary or not, will man no longer feel that his back is against the wall. We want a house where we shall never feel cornered; we refuse to be overwhelmed either by the waves of the future or by the waves of the past. This means that we are not ready to discard, as Herschensohn advises us to do, the theoretical, practical, and ethical wisdom of our Western and Christian past; and on the other hand, we are not resigned, as

Ivanov is, merely to conserving that tradition. We want to respect both values and life, or, in political terms, to enjoy the fruits of those ideals of spiritual freedom which are the legacy left to us by Ivanov and his peers; but we also feel a longing for that ideal of justice which, in spite of so many deviations and errors, is still the truthful message carried by Herschensohn to us. Liberty and justice are but different names for the vertical and horizontal lines, which we want to see united again into a symbol of redemption, into the sign with which we shall conquer."

G. S. N. Luckyj

EYE OPENER BOB: Grant MacEwan; Institute of Applied Art, Edmonton; pp. 227; \$3.75.

Bob Edwards, founder and editor of the Calgary *Eye Opener*, has long been a legend in the west, and in 1954 the Men's Canadian Clubs of both Calgary and Edmonton voted him "Alberta's Personality". But though tales about him are legion, facts have been surprisingly hard to come by. All who have been fascinated by his colorful reputation will be grateful to Grant MacEwan for this first coherent account of an amazing career.

From many sources he has assembled the facts as well as the fiction: Robert Chambers Edwards, grandson of a famous publisher, was born in Edinburgh in 1864, studied at the University of Glasgow, travelled in Europe, and started his first newspaper in France. Then at the age of 28 he and his brother headed for Wyoming to punch cattle. Three years later Bob landed in Alberta and put out the *Wetaskiwin Free Lance*. From then until his death in 1922 he and his papers played a large and controversial part in Alberta's history.

The *Eye Opener* (which he published at somewhat irregular intervals from 1902 to 1922) was a unique mixture of gossip, anecdotes, epigrams, invective, embroidered news, and pure fiction. His hatred of sham, his forthright attacks on stuffed shirts, and his irreverent humor won him the enmity of powerful men. He was frequently attacked from the pulpits and often threatened with libel, but never actually sued.

Future generations will probably remember Edwards for his creation of such colorful pioneer characters as Albert Buzzard-Cholomondeley, familiarly known as Bertie. In the early years of this country this remittance man extraordinary was as well known to Albertans as Li'l Abner is today.

Scarcely less famous was Peter J. McGonigle whose adventures were followed with fascination for some seventeen years. One episode brought him international fame. In 1906 the *Eye Opener* carried an account of a banquet held for Mr. McGonigle on the occasion of his release from Edmonton penitentiary after serving a term for horse-stealing. Letters from many famous dignitaries were read, including Lord Strathcona and Earl Grey. A London correspondent forwarded the item to his paper, and when Lord Strathcona saw that he was quoted as praising an ex-convict he cabled a lawyer in Calgary instructing him to take legal action against the author of this infamous libel, and was with difficulty persuaded to forget the incident.

Somewhat more serious was Edwards' duel with R. B. Bennett, then solicitor for the C.P.R., one of the *Eye Opener's* chief targets. Edwards finally forced the railway to provide better safeguards at crossings by carrying detailed accounts of every accident that occurred over a period of two years. The *Eye Opener* was also credited with the defeat of Bennett when he first ran for the provincial legislature, but in later years the two antagonists became staunch friends.

Equally unpredictable was Edwards' attitude to alcohol. He aimed his sharpest barbs at Methodists and teetotalers; he continually drank to excess and spent many weeks in hospitals recovering from binges; yet in 1915 he came out strongly in favor of the prohibition referendum.

Again he attacked politicians all his life (after listening to a funeral oration he wrote: "Now I know what a statesman is: he's a dead politician. We need more statesmen.") but in 1921 he entered politics and was elected to the provincial legislature. Long before that, however, he had been campaigning for woman suffrage, wheat cooperatives, free hospitals, and many other causes that were advanced in his day. Yet despite his radical views, he numbered R. B. Bennett and Arthur Meighen among his close friends.

After reading his story, we're inclined to agree with Mr. MacEwan that "had Bob Edwards lived longer, consumed less whiskey, and possessed more ambition, he might have shared immortal honors with the like of Mark Twain." As it was, he will long be remembered as one of the most colorful characters of the Canadian west.

Edith Fowke

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION: WHO SHOULD GO? WHO SHOULD PAY?: Willson Woodside; Foreword by F. Cyril James; Ryerson; pp. XV, 199; \$5.00.

Mr. Woodside's short volume is an attempt to inform the "interested public" on the crisis in Canada's system of higher education. Although he presents little that is new, either in facts or ideas, he has no doubt performed a service for those who are not prepared to tackle the more thorough assessment of the situation to be found in the various papers in *Canada's Crisis in Higher Education* edited by President Bissell. Mr. Woodside's material is drawn largely from the annual reports of university presidents, the proceedings of the National Conference of Canadian Universities, and the publications of the Education Division of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

The picture which is presented is the one with which we are becoming familiar: a greatly increased university enrolment over the next decade will require a corresponding increase in buildings and staffs. In turn, a much greater amount of money must be found to pay for and maintain these expanded facilities and services. There can be no quarrelling with the author's facts about the demographic changes, the inadequate supply of scholarships and bursaries, the large number of intelligent young people who never get near a university, the shortage of staffs, and the costs of running a university. A chapter is devoted to each of these problems. Nor can there be much dispute on the chapter which discusses "What Kind of Education" since it contains no central argument, and is little more than an anthology of *obiter dicta* of university administrators.

The "university question" is pretty much reduced here to a question of money. If the question is mainly a financial one can there be much doubt that solutions will be found? England reorganized its educational system in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century in response to what at the time was called the "real German menace"—that is the system of technical education which was the basis of the rising industrial challenge. (Historians would find some interesting parallels between that period and the present concern over the alleged superiority of Soviet technological education.) In the United States universities have stood as elegant monuments to the great American capitalists or else they have been built by the state on the principle of higher education for all. As Canadian university needs become greater is there any reason to suppose that industry

and government will not respond? The impersonal corporation has replaced the "robber baron", and public relations, the motive for civic sainthood. The response to recent fund-raising campaigns would suggest that industrial leaders are becoming aware of their obligations and government leaders of their responsibilities.

It is a pity that higher education has to be sold as something good for business or the state rather than as a good in its own right. Mr. Woodside's book is a kind of ready reference for prospective donors. Perhaps when the cheques are finally cashed and the concrete sets on the new buildings the "university question" will only begin.

John Porter.

INDIANS ON HORSEBACK: Gustaf Bolinder; p.p. 189; \$5.00.

In this book the Swedish anthropologist describes his journeys among the Guajiro Indians of Columbia in South America. Having made three extensive trips to the area, first in 1920, again in the mid thirties and more recently in 1955, Mr. Bolinder is well qualified to infuse into his travel story the essence of this unusual culture.

The Guajiro people live in the desert and savanna country of Northern Columbia. They are the only remaining American horse nomads and as one might expect in so rigorous an environment they are not only respected but greatly feared by the coastal peoples. This is the stuff of legend, and the author in carrying the reader over the most tortuous trails and into the detail of ethnic and travel personalities underlines vividly a long held legend of warlike nomads.

To get information is the anthropologist's objective, and to this end much of his time and judgment are used in mastering both environment and personalities. Whom does he trust? How far to push the quest, and in so doing what status should he seek or accept for himself? These are difficult problems and it is in this area that both the strength and interest of the book lie. In the midst of this almost uninhabitable country there come to light the matrilineal clans, their blood feuds and delicate balance of power. And in discussing the competitive and prestige elements of bridewealth the author shows dramatically the relations of Guajiro with Europeans in the past.

As a prominent anthropologist the author should be criticised on the number of fascinating problems he has brought to light and then dropped. Although he resided for short periods of time in Guajiro households he ignored the areas of public meetings, politics, legal disputes and much of the concept of social sanctions. This is partly due perhaps to the difficulties of communication and partly to the interests of the author.

In many ways it is an unusual book on an extremely little known ethnic area.

R. W. Dunning

LOUIS RIEL, THE REBELLION OF 1885; G. H. Needler; Burns and MacEachern; pp. vi, 81; illustrated with map; \$3.00.

In 1885 when Mr. Needler was a youth of nineteen and the Dominion of Canada was a year younger, he participated in the expeditionary force which suppressed the rebellion in the District of Saskatchewan. Since retiring in 1936 from a lengthy, fruitful academic career at the University of Toronto he has published several works, among which, naturally, the subject of his boyhood adventure holds a special place. In 1947 a rhymed account of his reminiscences of 1885 was published as "The Battleford Column", and in the following year his edition, with introduction and

notes, of General Middleton's account of the Northwest Rebellion.

The author freely acknowledges the debt of his present work to this last-named publication and a good deal of the book consists of experiences previously narrated in "The Battleford Column". For the rest, it draws upon published memoirs of leading participants, an unpublished manuscript of Lieutenant R. S. Cassels, and information from former Gunner J. Slatter. The volume concludes with a few verses of Riel's poetry and a letter written by the rebel chief from Batoche. Apparently these were included out of a desire to counteract the "ludicrous" desire "of a certain number of Canadians" to regard Riel as a hero and martyr, the extracts being "commended to those who still see in him a patriotic Canadian". That these few pages will succeed in eradicating this belief where it exists, is highly questionable, and certainly they do not warrant giving Riel the place of honor in the title. For the book is almost exclusively the story of the suppression of the revolt—the overcoming of climatic and geographical obstacles to reach the seat of the unrest, and the skirmishes which the nineteenth century dignified with the name of battles.

It is only by dint of some repetition, and digressions that may be described as padding, that this book attains a length of even 81 small pages. It treats only a few highlights of the rebellion in any detail, as well as certain relatively-minor episodes which have caught the author's interest or of which he has personal knowledge. It adds very little to the information we already possess about the campaign or about the personalities of Riel and other leading participants.

Morris Zaslow.

ROMAN HISTORY FROM COINS: Michael Grant; Macmillan; pp. 96 and plates 32; \$2.50.

Coin collecting is a fascinating hobby, if the humble collector permits himself to be guided by true experts. Professor Michael Grant, a brilliant Roman historian and a former President of the Royal Numismatic Society of Great Britain, tells us here informative and attractive stories about the imperial Roman coinage from Augustus to the fourth century A.D. and connected issues.

How rulers thought of their own coins, Augustus, Nero, the coin portraits of numerous imperial ladies, Roman Empire slogans, actions in war and peace, in Rome and the provinces, in art, politics, religion, and economics, the Roman currency organization, Roman coin finds outside of the Roman Empire, and historic discoveries from coins are sketched out by the author with many witty and illuminating asides.

Not only the coin collector will enjoy this moderately priced book, but whoever wants to know how the Roman emperors and their relatives looked, how they dressed and embellished hair and beard, how they behaved in politics and private life as members of a pagan society of comparatively high standards. Many coin interpretations of Professor Grant are his own, novel and nevertheless convincing. May I add one problem which is of special interest for Canadian readers. Roman imperial coins have not only turned up in India, Indochina, and Mongolia, they have been found recently as far to the West as Iceland. That a Roman ship was driven by a storm and wrecked on the more northerly coasts of the Canadian Maritime Provinces is still not very probable. But it is not impossible. If readers of the *Canadian Forum* should hit on such remains, probably identified by pottery fragments and ugly small bronze coins in bad condition, they are asked to inform this reviewer immediately.

F. M. Heichelheim.

AFTER THE DELUGE—WHAT?

(Continued from front page)

of eligible voters to the polling stations than had ever gone before and making them vote Conservative. The greatest achievement of Mr. Diefenbaker and of his advisors, was that they were able to persuade people in practically all walks of life and certainly in all parts of the country, that the time to get rid of the government was now and the agency to bring it about was the Conservative party.

Where does this leave the Liberals? Their popularity is gone. Some of their ablest leaders and many of their ablest members were found to have been fair-weather Liberals. When defeated at the polls they turned to pursuits other than politics. The party can no longer draw on the Ottawa civil service and, so far, has shown itself inept without it. In the recent election it was often difficult to find people willing to become Liberal candidates and those chosen frequently seemed unimpressive. It is devoid of a set of ideals or a program around which it can assemble leaders and supporters offering an alternative to the Conservatives in terms other than those of personalities. And finally, in this long but incomplete catalogue of Liberal woes must be included the fact that the party has no regional base which provides a hard core of Liberal support comparable to the strongholds of Toryism which enabled the Conservatives to survive so many years of bleak opposition.

It is a formidable task which faces Mr. Pearson. He is admirably suited to help the party formulate a distinct Liberal program and to bring into the party the able young men it will need if it is to survive. But he has yet to show that he can be sufficiently ruthless to conduct a drastic house-cleaning. The party will recover most quickly if some of its less attractive hangers-on are retired and replaced by people whose imagination manages to soar beyond questions of patronage and government spending in their constituency. Mr. Diefenbaker's "vision" produced much derision among non-Conservatives, but many voters liked it. The Liberal party will have to produce an alternative vision of its own if it is to regain public favour. The "new Liberalism" referred to at the party's January convention was neither new, nor particularly liberal. If the party is to make a reasonably early comeback, Mr. Pearson will have to have a vision of his own, one that is genuinely liberal. Further, he will have to clothe it in an appealing, distinctive garb and to find a group of convinced and competent supporters who will be able to present this vision to the country.

The future of the CCF and the Social Credit parties will depend on how successful the Liberals and the Conservatives are in meeting the challenge they now face. The CCF, unlike the Liberals, has something which looks like an ideology. This more or less coherent orientation somewhat to the left of the older parties serves as a bond, a sort of anchor, which will probably enable the party to survive for some time. It is significant that the total number of votes obtained by the CCF in 1958 was not appreciably below that of 1957. But two factors make the outlook for the party unpromising: its ablest leaders will not be in the House and, more important, the party's ideology seems to hold little attraction for the new and younger voters. The CCF is an aging party with little mass appeal. While it might continue to exercise some influence on Canadian affairs it is now most unlikely to grow into a major national party. Only if the older parties should fail completely to cope with a catastrophic economic crisis could the CCF hope to come to power in Ottawa.

It appears as if the voters' emphatic slap at the Social Credit party foreshadowed its early departure from the political scene. This group owed its existence nationally largely to the weakness of the Conservative party, to Western

regional opposition to alleged domination by the East, and to the apparently "non-political" purity of the movement run by patently godly men, standing, so it seemed to their supporters, in such obvious contrast to the compromising and compromised old-type politicians. Now that the Conservatives have made a comeback, now that they are led by a Westerner with something of the emotional appeal its own leaders used to exhibit, the Social Credit party is in mortal danger.

In the light of the foregoing analysis it looks, then, as if all our parties are or may be facing a crisis. This is true of the Conservatives as much as of their victims. It is possible, that under these circumstances, a completely new party alignment will emerge from the present fluid situation. It is not inconceivable, for example, that the failure of the Conservatives to create a stable national alliance, and the inability of the Liberals to provide an alternative government, might be followed by the emergence of a conservative opposition party made up of the rightist elements of the former Social Credit party and of a disgruntled group of genuine, old-fashioned Tories. This, of course, is only one of a variety of possible developments. The fact that Canada is at a stage in its development at which rapid urbanization, substantial immigration, and serious threats to our economic well-being may combine to create something of a social revolution enhances the possibility that our party system may be in for a shake-up of immense and unexpected proportions. On March 31 the country was flooded by Conservative votes. The true effects of the deluge will not become apparent until the high water rises even further, or more likely, until it recedes.

WATERLOO REVIEW

Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont.

Contributors in the first issue include James Reaney, Anne Wilkinson, Terence Gibbs, Pearl McCarthy, Eric Wright, Murdo MacKinnon. Subscriptions \$1.50 a year.

Editor: J. A. S. Evans. Associate Editors: A. G. McKay, F. G. W. Adams

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